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WHO'S THE DUPE?..... — COWLEY.

LOVE A LA MODE, ... — MACKLIN.

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1806.

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ROSINA;

A

COMIC OPERA,

BY

MRS. BROOKE.

ADAPTED FOR

Theatrical Representation:

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permission of the Managers.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

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Mrs. FRANCES BROOKE.

THIS writer was the daughter of a clergyman, named Moore; and the wife of the Rev. John Brooke, who, besides other church preferments in Norfolk, was chaplain to the garrison of Quebec. The time of her birth has not been ascertained; but her first literary performance was the Old Maid, a periodical work, published in 1755 and 1756; during the latter year she published Virginia, a Tragedy. In the preface to which she assigns as a reason for its appearance, "that she was precluded from all hopes of ever seeing the Tragedy brought upon the stage, by there having been two so lately on the same subject;" one by Mr. Crisp, at Drury Lane, the other by Mrs. Moncrief, at Covent Garden. The famous novel, called the History of Lady Julia Mandeville, was intro-

duced to the public in the year, 1763, and read with avidity and approbation. Her next works were Emily Montague, and Memoirs of the Marquis of St. Forlaix. The success of her first attempts in theatric lore were unpromising; Mr. Garrick did not approve of her performances; this she imagined proceeded more from caprice than judgment, and therefore abused the manager, in a novel, called The Excursion. However, she afterwards retracted her invective.

In 1781, her Tragedy of the siege of Sinope, dragged out an existence of nine nights at Covent Garden; and though supported by the joint endeavour of her friends, Mr. Henderson and Mrs. Yates, want of energy, and originality, made it unpopular; and it sunk into oblivion.

Her most celebrated and popular performance, Rosina, was acted at Covent Garden, in December, 1782; and Marian, her last effort in the Drama, was brought out at the same Theatre, in 1788, with some success; though, in most respects, inferior to Rosina.

She died on the 26th of January, 1789, her husband being deceased but five days before her, at the house of her son, near Sleaford, Lincolnshire; leaving behind her, as well as great literary reputation, an eminent character for suavity and gentleness of manners.

ROSINA.

THE story of this piece is evidently taken from Thomson's Episode of Palemon and Lavinia; but in its gay and poetic dress, produces good dramatic effect. The plot is well managed and pleasing; the dialogue is natural; and the airs, which were compiled by the judicious Mr. Shield, being happily adapted, collectively renders Rosina a constant public favorite.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE favourable reception this little piece has met with from the public, demands my warmest acknowledgments: nor can I say too much of the support it has received, both from the music, admirably adapted to the words, and the spirited and judicious performance of the several characters, which surpassed my most sanguine wishes.

The decorations, designed and executed in that style of elegant and characteristic simplicity which the subject required, add greatly to the effect of the whole.

The fable of this piece, taken from the book of Ruth; a fable equally simple, moral, and interesting; has already furnished a subject for the beautiful Episode of Palemon and Lavinia in Thomson's Seasons, and a pleasing Opera of Mons. Favart: of both I have availed myself as

far as the difference of my plan would allow; but as we are not, however extraordinary it may appear, so easily satisfied with mere sentiments as our more sprightly neighbours the French, I found it necessary to diversify the story, by adding the comic characters of William and Phœbe, which I hoped might at once relieve and heighten the sentimental cast of the other personages of the drama.

Some of the songs, and a few short passages of the dialogue, (printed with inverted commas), though judiciously omitted in the representation from the apprehension of making the Opera too long, are here restored, as tending to mark the characters with more precision.

Dramatis Personæ,

COVENT GARDEN.

Men.

Mr. Belville,	Mr. Johnstone.
Captain Belville,	Mr. Hill.
William,	Mr. Townsend.
Rustic,	Mr. Street.
Patrick,	Mr. Rock.
Phelim,	Mr. Painter.
Reaper,	Mr. Helme.

Women.

Rosina,	Mrs. Atkins.
Dorcas,	Mrs. Davenport.
Phœbe,	Mrs. Martyr.

Reapers, Gleaners, Servants, &c.

Scene, a Village in the North.

ROSINA.

SCENE *opens and discovers a rural prospect: on the left side a little hill with trees at the top; a spring of water rushes from the side, and falls into a natural bason below: on the right side a cottage, at the door of which is a bench of stone. At a distance a chain of mountains. The manor-house in view. A field of corn fills up the scene.*

In the first act the sky clears by degree, the morning vapour disperses, the sun rises, and at the end of the act is above the horizon: at the beginning of the second he is past the height, and declines till the end of the day. This progressive motion should be made imperceptibly, but its effect should be visible through the two acts.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The day begins to break, a few stars still appear; after the trio the sun is seen to rise. The door of the cottage is open, a lamp burning just within. DORCAS *seated on the bench, is spinning;* ROSINA *and* PHŒBE, *just within the door, are measuring a bushel of corn;* WILLIAM *comes from the top of the stage; they sing the following trio:*

WILLIAM, ROSINA, PHŒBE.

WHEN the rosy morn appearing
Paints with gold the verdant lawn,
Bees, on banks of thyme disporting,
Sip the sweets, and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds, the day proclaiming,
Carol sweet the lively strain;
They forsake their leafy dwelling,
To secure the golden grain.

See, Content, the humble gleaner,
Takes the scatter'd ears that fall!
Nature, all her children viewing,
Kindly bounteous, cares for all.

[William *retires.*

Ros. See! my dear Dorcas, what we glean'd yesterday in Mr. Belville's fields!

[*Coming forward, and shewing the corn at the door.*

Dor. Lord love thee! but take care of thyself: thou art but tender.

Ros. Indeed it does not hurt me. Shall I put out the lamp?

Dor. Do, dear: the poor must be sparing.

[Rosina *going to put out the lamp,* Dorcas *looks after her and sighs, she returns hastily.*

Ros. Why do you sigh, Dorcas?

Dor. I canno' bear it: it's nothing to Phœbe and me, but thou wast not born to labour.

[*Rising and pushing away the wheel.*

Ros. Why should I repine? heaven, which deprived me of my parents and my fortune, left me health, content, and innocence. Nor is it certain that riches lead to happiness. Do you think the nightingale sings the sweeter for being in a gilded cage!

Dor. Sweeter, I'll maintain it, than the poor little linnet which thou pick'dst up half-starv'd under the hedge yesterday, after its mother had been shot, and brought'st to life in thy bosom. Let me speak to his honour, he's main kind to the poor.

Ros. Not for worlds, Dorcas, I want nothing: you have been a mother to me.

Dor. Wou'd I cou'd! wou'd I cou'd! I ha'

work'd hard, and 'arn'd money in my time; but now I am old and feeble, and am push'd about by every body.

'*Because I, this summer, am turn'd of four-*
'*score,*
'*They flout me, and lay straws across at my*
'*door:*
'*The bairns, wicked bairns! both at church and*
'*at green,*
'*Make faces and jeer; 'tis a shame to be seen.*
'*Where I go, I'm the jest of the lads and the*
'*lasses:*
''*Tis thus, in life's winter, a woman's time*
'*passes.*'

More's the pity, I say: it was not so in my young time; but the world grows wickeder every day.

Ros. Your age, my good Dorcas, requires rest: go into the cottage, whilst Phœbe and I join the gleaners, who are assembling from every part of the village.

Dor. Many a time have I carried thy dear mother, an infant, in these arms: little did I think a child of her's would live to share my poor pittance.—But I wo' not grieve thee.

[Dorcas *enters the cottage, looking back affectionately at* Rosina.

Phœ. What makes you so melancholy, Ro-

sina: mayhap it's because you have not a sweetheart? but you are so proud you won't let our young men come a near you. You may live to repent being so scornful.

AIR.

When William at eve meets me down at the stile,
How sweet is the nightingale's song!
Of the day I forget the labour and toil,
Whilst the moon plays yon branches among:

By her beams, without blushing, I hear him complain,
And believe every word of his song:
You know not how sweet 'tis to love the dear swain,
Whilst the moon plays yon branches among.

[*During the last stanza,* William *appears at the end of the scene, and makes signs to* Phœbe, *who, when it is finished, steals softly to him, and they disappear.*

Ros. How small a part of my evils is poverty! and how little does Phœbe know the heart she thinks insensible! the heart which nourishes a hopeless passion. I blest, like others, Belville's gentle virtues, and knew not that 'twas love. Unhappy! lost Rosina!

AIR.

The morn returns in saffron drest,
But not to sad Rosina rest.
The blushing morn awakes the strain,
Awakes the tuneful choir,
But sad Rosina ne'er again
Shall strike the sprightly lyre.

Rus. [*Between the scenes.*] To work, my hearts of oak, to work; here the sun is half an hour high, and not a stroke struck yet.

[*Enters singing, followed by reapers.*

AIR.

See, ye swains, yon streaks of red
Call you from your slothful bed:
Late you till'd the fruitful soil;
See where harvest crowns your toil!

Chorus of REAPERS.

Late you till'd the fruitful soil:
See where harvest crowns your toil!
Rus. As we reap the golden corn,
Laughing Plenty fills her horn:
What would gilded pomp avail,
Should the peasant's labour fail?

Chorus of REAPERS.

What would gilded pomp avail,
Should the peasant's labour fail?
Rus. Ripen'd fields your cares repay,
Sons of labour, haste away;
Bending, see the waving grain
Crown the year, and cheer the swain.

Chorus of REAPERS.

Bending, see the waving grain
Crown the year, and cheer the swain.

Rus. Hist! there's his honor. Where are all the lazy Irishmen I hir'd yesterday at market?

Enter BELVILLE, *followed by two* IRISHMEN *and* SERVANTS.

1 *Irish.* Is it us he's talking of, Paddy? then the devil may thank him for his good commendations.

Bel. You are too severe, Rustic, the poor fellows came three miles this morning: therefore I made them stop at the manor-house to take a little refreshment.

1 *Irish.* God love your sweet face, my jewel, and all those that take your part. Bad luck to

myself if I would not, with all the veins of my heart, split the dew before your feet in a morning. [*To* Belville.

Rus. If I do speak a little cross, it's for your honour's good.

[*The reapers cut the corn, and make it into sheaves.* Rosina *follows, and gleans.*

Rus. [*Seeing* Rosina.] What a dickens doth this girl do here? keep back: wait till the reapers are off the field; do like the other gleaners.

Ros. [*Timidly.*] If I have done wrong, sir, I will put what I have gleaned down again.

[*She lets fall the ears she had gleaned.*

Bel. How can you be so unfeeling, Rustic? she is lovely, virtuous, and in want. Let fall some ears, that she may glean the more.

Rus. Your honour is too good by half.

Bel. No more; gather up the corn she has let fall. Do as I command you.

Rus. There, take the whole field, since his honor chuses it.

[*Putting the corn into her apron.*

Ros. I will not abuse his goodness

[*Retires gleaning.*

2 *Irish.* Upon my soul now, his honor's no churl of the wheat, whatever he may be of the barley.

Bel. [*Looking after* Rosina.] What bewitching softness! there is a blushing, bashful, gentleness, an almost infantine innocence in that

lovely countenance, which it is impossible to behold without emotion! she turns this way: what bloom on that cheek! 'tis the blushing down of the peach.

AIR.

Her mouth, which a smile,
Devoid of all guile,
Half opens to view,
Is the bud of the rose,
In the morning that blows,
Impearl'd with the dew.

More fragrant her breath
Than the flower-scented heath
At the dawning of day;
The hawthorn in bloom,
The lily's perfume,
Or the blossoms of May.

Enter Captain BELVILLE *in a riding dress.*

Capt. B. Good-morrow, brother; you are early abroad.

Bel. My dear Charles, I am happy to see you. True, I find, to the first of September.

Capt. B. I meant to have been here last night, but one of my wheels broke, and I was obliged to sleep at a village six miles distant,

where I left my chaise, and took a boat down the river at day-break. But your corn is not off the ground.

Bel. You know our harvest is late in the north, but you will find all the lands cleared on the other side the mountain.

Capt. B. And pray, brother, how are the partridges this season?

Bel. There are twenty coveys within sight of my house, and the dogs are in fine order.

Capt. B. The game-keeper is this moment leading them round. I am fir'd at the sight.

AIR. *Trio.*

By dawn to the downs we repair,
With bosoms right jocund and gay,
And gain more than pheasant or hare—
Gain health by the sports of the day.

Mark! mark! to the right hand, prepare—
See Diana! *she points!—see, they rise—*
See they float on the bosom of air!
Fire away! whilst loud echo replies
Fire away.

Hark! the volley resounds to the skies!
Whilst echo in thunder replies!
In thunder replies,
And resounds to the skies,
Fire away! fire away! fire away!

Capt. B. [*Aside.*] But where is my little rustic charmer? O! there she is. I am transported. Pray, brother, is not that the little girl whose dawning beauty we admired so much last year?

Bel. It is, and more lovely than ever. I shall dine in the field with my reapers to-day, brother: will you share our rural repast, or have a dinner prepared at the manor-house?

Capt. B. By no means: pray let me be of your party: your plan is an admirable one, especially if your girls are handsome. I'll walk round the field, and meet you at dinner-time.

Bel. Come this way, Rustic; I have some orders to give you.

[*Exeunt* Belville *and* Rustic.

[*Capt.* Belville *goes up to* Rosina, *gleans a few ears, and presents them to her; she refuses them; she runs out, he follows her.*

Enter WILLIAM [*speaking at the side scene.*]

Will. Lead the dogs back, James, the captain won't shoot to-day [*seeing* Rustic *and* Phœbe *behind.*] indeed? so close? I don't half like it.

Enter RUSTIC *and* PHŒBE.

Rus. That's a good girl! do as I bid you, and you shan't want encouragement.

[*He goes up to the* Reapers, *and* William *comes forward.*

Will. O, no; I dare say she won't. So, Mrs. Phœbe?

Phœ. And so, Mr. William, if you go to that!

Will. A new sweetheart, I'll be sworn; and a pretty comely lad he is: but he's rich, and that's enough to win a woman.

Phœ. I don't desarve this of you, William: but I'm rightly sarved for being such an easy fool. You think, mayhap, I'm at my last prayers; but you may find yourself mistaken.

Will. You do right to cry out first; you think belike that I did not see you take that posy from Harry.

Phœ. And you belike that I did not catch you tying up one of the cornflowers and wild roses for the miller's maid: but I'll be fooled no longer; I have done with you, Mr. William.

Will. I shan't break my heart, Mrs. Phœbe. The miller's maid loves the ground I walk on.

AIR. *Duet.*

Will. I've kissed and I've prattled to fifty maids,
And changed 'em as oft d'ye see;
But of all the fair maidens that dance on the green,
The maid of the mill for me.

Phœ. *There's fifty young men have told me fine tales,*
And called me the fairest she;
But of all gay wrestlers that sport on the green,
Young Harry's the lad for me.
Will. *Her eyes are as black as the sloe in the hedge,*
Her face like the blossom in May;
Her teeth are as white as the new shorn flock,
Her breath like the new made hay.
Phœ. *He's tall, and he's strait as the poplar tree,*
His cheeks are as fresh as the rose;
He looks like a 'squire of high degree
When drest in his Sunday clothes.
Phœ. *There's fifty young men, &c.*
Will. *I've kissed and I've prattled, &c.*

[*Go off on different sides of the stage.*

[*As they go off* Rosina *runs across the stage,* *Capt.* Belville *following her.*

Capt. R. Stay, and hear me, Rosina. Why will you fatigue yourself thus? only homely girls are born to work—your obstinacy is vain; you shall hear me.

Ros. Why do you stop me, sir? my time is precious. When the gleaning season is over, will you make up my loss?

Capt. B. Yes.

Ros. Will it be any advantage to you to make me lose my day's work?

Capt. B. Yes.

Ros. Would it give you pleasure to see me pass all my days in idleness?

Capt. B. Yes.

Ros. We differ greatly then, sir: I only wish for so much leisure as makes me return to my work with fresh spirit. We labour all the week, 'tis true; but then how sweet is our rest on Sunday!

AIR.

Whilst with village maids I stray,
Sweetly wears the joyous day;
Cheerful glows my artless breast,
Mild Content the constant guest.

Capt. B. Mere prejudice, child: you will know better. I pity you, and will make your fortune.

Ros. Let me call my mother, sir. I am young, and can support myself by my labour; but she is old and helpless, and your charity will be well bestowed. Please to transfer to her the bounty you intended for me.

Capt. B. Why—as to that—

Ros. I understand you, sir; your compassion does not extend to old women.

Capt B. Really—I believe not.

Enter DORCAS.

Ros. You are just come in time, mother. I have met with a generous gentleman, whose charity inclines him to succour youth.

Dor. 'Tis very kind.—And old age—

Ros. He'll tell you that himself.

[Rosina *goes into the cottage.*

Dor. I thought so.—Sure, sure, 'tis no sin to be old!

Capt. B. You must not judge of me by others, honest Dorcas. I am sorry for your misfortunes, and wish to serve you.

Dor. And to what, your honour, may I owe this kindness?

Capt. B. You have a charming daughter—

Dor. [*Aside.*] I thought as much. A vile, wicked man!

Capt. B. Beauty like her's might find a thousand resources in London: the moment she appears there, she will turn every head.

Dor. And is your honour sure her own won't turn at the same time?

Capt. B. She shall live in affluence, and take care of you too, Dorcas.

Dor. I guess your honour's meaning; but you are mistaken, sir. If I must be a trouble to the dear child, I shall rather owe my bread to her labour than her shame.

[*Goes into the cottage, and shuts the door.*

Capt. B. These women astonish me: but I won't give it up so.

AIR.

From flower to flower gay roving,
The wanton butterfly
Does Nature's charms descry,
From flower to flower gay roving,
The wanton butterfly.

On wavy wings high mounting,
If chance some child pursues.
Forsakes the balmy dews;
On wavy wings high mounting,
If chance some child pursues.

Thus wild and ever changing,
A sportive butterfly,
I mock the whining sigh.
Still wild and ever changing,
A sportive butterfly.

Capt. B. A word with you, Rustic.

Rus. I'm in a great hurry, your honour: I am going to hasten dinner.

Capt. B. I shan't keep you a minute. Take these five guineas.

Rus. For whom, sir?

Capt. B. For yourself. And this purse.

Rus. For whom, sir?

pt. B. For Rosina: they say she is in dis- and wants assistance.

ts. What pleasure it gives me to see you so table! you are just like your brother.

pt. B. Prodigiously.

ts. But why give me money, sir?

pt. B. Only to—tell Rosina there is a per- who is very much interested in her happi-

ts. How much you will please his honour is! he takes mightily to Rosina, and pre- ier to all the young women in the parish.

pt. B. Prefers her? ah! you sly rogue!

[*Laying his hand on* Rustic's *shoulder.*

ts. Your honour's a wag; but I'm sure I t no harm.

pt. B. Give her the money, and tell her hall never want a friend: but not a word to rother.

ts. All's safe, your honour.

[*Exit Capt.* Belville.

n't vastly like this business. At the cap- s age this violent charity is a little duberous. his honour's servant, and it's my duty to nothing from him. I'll go seek his honour; here he comes.

Enter Belville.

l. Well, Rustic, have you any intelligence mmunicate?

Rus. A vast deal, sir. Your brother begins to make a good use of his money: he has given me these five guineas for myself, and this purse for Rosina.

Bel. For Rosina! [*Aside.*] 'tis plain he loves her? obey him exactly; but as distress renders the mind haughty, and Rosina's situation requires the utmost delicacy, contrive to execute your commission in such a manner that she may not even suspect from whence the money comes.

Rus. I understand your honour.

Bel. Have you gained any intelligence in respect to Rosina?

Rus. I endeavoured to get all I could from the old woman's grand-daughter; but all she knew was, that she was no kin to Dorcas, and that she had had a good bringing-up: but here are the labourers.

Bel. 'Let the cloth be laid on these sheaves. Behold the table of happiness!' but I don't see Rosina. Dorcas, you must come too, and Phœbe.

Dor. We can't deny your honour.

Ros. I am ashamed; but you command, sir.

Enter the REAPERS, *following Capt.* BELVILLE.

AIR. *Finale.*

Bel. By this fountain's flow'ry side,
Drest in Nature's blooming pride,

Where the poplar trembles high,
And the bees in clusters fly;
Whilst the herdsman on the hill
Listens to the falling rill,
Pride and cruel scorn away,
Let us share the festive day.

os. & Bel. Taste our pleasures, ye who may,
This is Nature's holiday.
Simple Nature ye who prize,
Life's fantastic forms despise.

horus. Taste our pleasures ye who may,
This is Nature's holiday.

apt. Blushing Bell, with downcast eyes,
Sighs, and knows not why she sighs;
Tom is by her—we shall know—
How he eyes her! is't not so?

horus. Taste our pleasures ye who may,
This is Nature's holiday.

Vill. He is fond, and she is shy;
He would kiss her!—fie!—oh, fie!
Mind thy sickle, let her be;
By and by she'll follow thee.

horus. Busy censors, hence, away!
This is Nature's holiday.

us. & Dor. Now we'll quaff the nut-brown ale,
Then we'll tell the sportive tale;
All is jest and all is glee,
All is youthful jollity.

horus. Taste our pleasures ye who may,
This is Nature's holiday.

PHŒBE, IRISH GIRL, *and* 1*st.* IRISHMAN.

Lads and lasses, all advance,
Carol blithe, and form the dance!
Trip it lightly while you may;
This is Nature's holiday.
Chorus. Trip it lightly while you may,
This is Nature's holiday.

[*All rise; the* Dancers *come down the stage through the sheaves of corn, which are removed; the dance begins, and finishes the act.*

ACT II.

SCENE *continues.*

RUSTIC.

THIS purse is the plague of my life: I hate money when it is not my own. I'll even put in the five guineas he gave me for myself: I don't want it, and they do. But I hear the cottage door open.

[*Retires a little.*

[Dorcas *and* Rosina *come out of the cottage,* Dorcas *with a great basket on her arm filled with skeins of thread.*

Dor. I am just going, Rosina, to carry this thread to the weaver's.

Ros. This basket is too heavy for you: pray let me carry it.

[*Takes the basket from* Dorcas, *and sets it down on the bench.*

Dor. [*Peevishly.*] No, no.

Ros. If you love me, only take half: this evening, or to-morrow morning, I will carry the rest.

[*She takes part of the skeins out of the basket and lays them on the bench, looking affectionately on* Dorcas.

There, be angry with me, if you please.

Dor. No, my sweet lamb, I am not angry; but beware of men.

Ros. Have you any doubts of my conduct, Dorcas?

Dor. Indeed I have not, love; and yet I am uneasy.

[Rustic *goes up to the cottage.*

Rus. Now; now whilst they turn their heads.

[*He lays the purse on the bench unperceived, and says to Capt.* Belville, *whom he meets going off,*

I have disposed of your money, sir.

Capt. B. Come this way.

[*He takes* Rustic *aside.*

Dor. Go back to the reapers, whilst I carry this thread.

Ros. I'll go this moment.

Dor. But as I walk but slow, and 'tis a good way, you may chance to be at home before me, so take the key.

Ros. I will.

[*Whilst* Dorcas *feels in her pocket for the key.*

Capt. B. [*Aside.*] Rosina to be at home before Dorcas! how lucky! I'll slip into the house, and wait her coming, if 'tis till midnight.

[*He goes unperceived by them into the cottage.*

Dor. Let nobody go into the house.

Ros. I'll take care; but first I'll double-lock the door.

[*While she is locking the door,* Dorcas *going to take up her basket, sees the purse.*

Dor. Good lack! what is here? a purse, as I live!

Ros. How?

Dor. Come and see; 'tis a purse indeed.

Ros. Heavens! 'tis full of gold!

Dor. We must put up a bill at the church gate, and restore it to the owner. The best way is to carry the money to his honour, and get him to keep it till the owner is found. You shall go with it, love.

Ros. Pray excuse me, I dare not speak to him.

Dor. 'Tis nothing but childishness: but his honour will like your bashfulness better than too much courage—carry it, my love. [*Goes out.*

Ros. I cannot support his presence—my em-

barrassment—my confusion—a stronger sensation than that of gratitude agitates my heart—yet hope, in my situation, were madness.

AIR.

" *Sweet transports, gentle wishes, go!*
" *In vain his charms have gain'd my heart!*
" *Since fortune still to love a foe,*
" *And cruel duty bid us part.*
" *Ah! why does duty chain the mind,*
" *And part those souls which love has*
" *join'd?*"

Enter WILLIAM.

Ros. Pray, William, do you know of any body that has lost a purse?

Will. I knows nothing about it.

Ros. Dorcas, however, has found one.

Will. So much the better for she.

Ros. You will oblige me very much if you will carry it to Mr. Belville, and beg him to keep it till the owner is found.

Will. Since you desire it, I'll go: it shan't be the lighter for my carrying.

Ros. That I am sure of, William.

[*Exit* Rosina.

Enter PHŒBE.

Phœ. There is William; but I'll pretend not to see him.

AIR.

Henry cull'd the flow'ret's bloom,
Marian lov'd the soft perfume,
Had playful kist, but prudence near
Whisper'd timely in the ear;
'Simple Marian, ah! beware;
Touch them not, for love is there.'
[*Throws away her nosegay.*

[*Whilst she is singing*, William *turns, looks at her, whistles, and plays with his stick.*

Will. That's Harry's posy; the slut likes him still.

Phœ. [*Aside.*] That's a copy of his countenance, I'm sartin; he can no more help following me nor he can be hanged.

[William *crosses again singing.*

Of all the fair maidens that dance on the green
The maid of the mill for me.

Phœ. I'm ready to choak wi' madness, but I'll not speak first an I die for't.

[William *sings, throwing up his stick, and catching*

Will. Her eyes are as black as the sloe in the hedge,
Her face like the blossoms in May.

Phæ. I can't bear it no longer—you vile, ungrateful, perfidious—but it's no matter—I can't think what I could see in you,—Harry loves me, and is a thousand times more handsomer.

[*Sings, sobbing at every word.*

Of all the gay wrestlers that sport on the green,
Young Harry's the lad for me.

Will. He's yonder a reaping: shall I call him? [*Offers to go.*

Phæ. My grandmother leads me the life of a dog; and it's all along of you.

Will. Well, then she'll be better tempered now.

Phæ. I did not value her scolding of a brass farthing, when I thought as how you were true to me.

Will. Wasn't I true to you? look in my face, and say that.

AIR.

When bidden to the wake or fair,
The joy of each free-hearted swain,
'Till Phœbe promis'd to be there,
I lotter'd last of all the train.

If chance some fairing caught her eye,
The ribbon gay or silken glove,
With eager haste I ran to buy;
For what is gold compar'd to love?

My posy on her bosom plac'd
Could Harry's sweeter scents exhal
Her auburn locks my ribbon grac'd,
And flutter'd in the wanton gale.

With scorn she hears me now compla
Nor can my rustic presents move:
Her heart prefers a richer swain,
And gold, alas! has banish'd love.

Will. 'I see Kate waiting for me. Phœbe.'

Phœ. 'Good bye to you.'

Will. [*Coming back.*] Let's part fr howsomever. Bye, Phœbe: I shall alwa you well.

Phœ. Bye, William.

[*Cries, wiping her eyes with her*

Will. [*Aside.*] My heart begins to little—[*aloud.*] I lov'd you very well Phœbe; but you are grown so cross, a such vagaries—

Phœ. I'm sure I never had no vagari you, William. But go, mayhap Kate angry.

Will. And who cares for she? I neve ed her anger, nor her coaxing neither, were cross to me.

Phœ. [*Holding up her hands.*] O the I cross to you, William?

Will. Did not you tell me this very morning as how you had done wi' me?

Phœ. One word's as good as a thousand. Do you love me, William?

Will. Do I love thee? do I love dancing on the green better than thrashing in the barn? do I love a wake? a harvest-home?

Phœ. Then I'll never speak to Harry again the longest day I have to live.

Will. I'll turn my back o' the miller's maid the first time I meet her.

Phœ. Will you indeed, and indeed?

Will. Marry will I; and more nor that, I'll go speak to the parson this moment—

[*Kisses her.*

I'm happier—zooks, I'm happier nor a lord or a 'squire of five hundred a year.

Phœ. 'Why dost talk of lords and 'squires, William? we poor folks are happier by far, if so be we are but content. Did not the parson bid us mind how the storm bow'd the great trees on the hills, whilst the little shrubs in the valley ne'er bent a head for the matter?'

Will. 'Thou say'st true, Phœbe.'

AIR. *Duet.*

Phœ. In gaudy courts, wish aching hearts,
The great at Fortune rail:
The hills may higher honours claim,
But peace is in the vale.

Will. *See high-born dames, in rooms of state,*
With midnight revels pale;
No youth admires their fading charms,
For beauty's in the vale.
Both. *Amid the shades of virgin's sighs*
Add fragrance to the gale:
So they that will may take the hill,
Since love is in the vale.
[*Exeunt arm in arm.*

Enter BELVILLE.

Bel. I tremble at the impression this lovely girl has made on my heart. My cheerfulness has left me, and I am grown insensible, even to the delicious pleasure of making those happy who depend on my protection.

AIR.

Ere bright Rosina met my eyes,
How peaceful pass'd the joyous day!
In rural sports I gain'd the prize,
Each virgin listen'd to my lay.

But now no more I touch the lyre,
No more the rustic sport can please;
I live the slave of fond desire,
Lost to myself, to mirth, and ease.

The tree that in a happier hour,
Its boughs extended o'er the plain,
When blasted by the lightning's power,
Nor charms the eye, nor shades the swain.

Enter WILLIAM.

[*He speaks between the scenes.*

Will. 'Here's his honour, Phœbe; wait for me at the stile. [*bowing.*] Please your honour, I am sent to tell you Dorcas and Rosina have found a purse.

Bel. Does any body claim it?

Will. No, sir.

Bel. Let them keep it, William.

Will. But they charged me, please your honour, to give it to you.

Bel. Go, William, and carry it back.

Will. [*Aside.*] He put it there himself: I thought so; 'tis so like him. I shall, your honour. [*Exit* William.

Bel. Since the sun rose, I have been in continual exercise; I feel exhausted, and will try to rest a quarter of an hour on this bank.

[*Lies down on a bank by the fountain.*

[*Gleaners pass the stage with sheaves of corn on their heads; last* Rosina, *who comes forward singing.*

AIR.

Light as thistledown moving which floats o
air,
Sweet gratitude's debt to this cottage I bea
Of autumn's rich store I bring home my pa
The weight on my head, but gay joy in my h

What do I see? Mr. Belville asleep? I'll softly—at this moment I may gaze on him out blushing.

[*Lays down the corn, and walks softly up to*

The sun points full on this spot; let me t these branches together with this ribbon, shade him from its beams—yes—that will but if he should wake—

[*Takes the ribbon from her bosom, an*
the branches toge

How my heart beats! one look more—a have waked him—

[*She flies, and endeavours to hide h*
against the door of the cottage, tu
her head every instant.

Bel. What noise was that?

[*Half raising hin*

Ros. 'He is angry—how unhappy I a how I tremble!'

Bel. This ribbon I have seen before, an the lovely Rosina's bosom—

[*He rises, and goes towards the cot*

Ros. I will hide myself in the house.

[Rosina *opening the door, sees Capt.* Belville, *and starts back.*

Heavens! a man in the house!

Capt. B. Now, love assist me!

[*Comes out, and seizes* Rosina; *she breaks from him, and runs affrighted cross the stage*—Belville *follows; Capt.* Belville, *who comes out to pursue her, sees his brother, and steals off at the other scene.*—Belville *leads* Rosina *back.*

Bel. Why do you fly thus, Rosina? 'what can you fear? you are out of breath.'

Ros. O, sir! my strength fails—

[*Leans on* Belville, *who supports her in his arms.* Where is he?—a gentleman pursued me—

[*Looking round.*

Bel. Don't be alarmed, 'twas my brother—he could not mean to offend you.

Ros. Your brother? why then does he not imitate your virtues? why was he here?

Bel. Forget this; you are safe. But tell me, Rosina, for the question is to me of importance; have I not seen you wear this ribbon?

Ros. Forgive me, sir; I did not mean to disturb you. I only meant to shade you from the too great heat of the sun.

Bel. To what motive do I owe this tender attention?

Ros. Ah, sir! do not the whole village
you?

Bel. "At this moment, Rosina, think
"brother; or a friend a thousand times
"affectionate than a brother." You tremble
why are you alarmed.

DUET.

BELVILLE *and* ROSINA.

BELVILLE, [*taking her hand.*]

For you, my sweet maid, nay be n
afraid,
[Rosina *withdraws her han*
I feel an affection which yet wants
name.

Ros. When first—but in vain—I seek to ex
plain,
What heart but must love you?
blush, fear, and shame——

Bel. Why thus timid, Rosina? still safe b
my side,
Let me be your guardian, protector
and guide.

Ros. My timid heart pants—still safe by you
side,
Be you my protector, my guardian
my guide.

Bel. Why thus timid, &c.

Ros. My timid heart pants, &c.

Bel. Unveil your whole heart to me, Rosina. he graces of your form, the native dignity of our mind which breaks through the lovely simicity of your deportment, a thousand circumances concur to convince me you were not rn a villager.

Ros. To you, sir, I can have no reserve. A ide, I hope an honest one, made me wish to gh in secret over my misfortunes.

Bel. [*Eagerly.*] They are at an end.

Ros. Dorcas approaches, sir; she can best late my melancholy story.

Enter DORCAS.

Dor. His honour here? good lack! how sorry am I happened to be from home. Troth, I'm dly tired.

Ros. Why would you insist on going? ined, sir, she will kill herself.

Bel. Will you let me speak with you a meent alone, Dorcas?

Dor. Sure will I, your honour. Rosina, ke this basket.

Ros. [*Aside.*] I'll "put the rest of the thread in, and" run with it to the weaver's.

[*Exit.*

["*Capt.* Belville *at the top of the stage,*
"*speaking to a servant.*

"*Capt. B.* Rosina has taken that bye-road:

" run instantly, and execute my orders; but
" prudent, and watch the moment."

[*He reti*

Dor. Will your honour please to walk i
our homely cottage?

Bel. I thank you, Dorcas, but 'tis pleasan
here: sit down by me on the bench.

[*She courtesies and sits do*

" *Dor.* Dear soul! not a bit of pride."

Bel. Rosina has referred me to you, Dor
for an account of her birth, which I have l
suspected to be above her present situation.

Dor. To be sure, your honour, since
dear child gives me leave to speak, she's o
good a family as any in England. Her moth
sweet lady, was my bountiful old master's dau
ter, 'Squire Welford of Lincolnshire.

" *Bel.* What happiness! but go on.

" *Dor.* He was a noble gentleman, and
" body's enemy but his own. His estate
" seized for a mortgage of not half its va
" just after young madam was married, and
" ne'er got a penny of her portion. They
" if Rosina had a friend, she might get the es
" again by paying the mortgage."

Bel. And her father?

Dor. Was a brave gentleman too, a colo
a charming couple they were, and loved
another so, it would have done your heart g
to see them. His honour went to the Eas
Indies, to better his fortune, and madam w

go wi' him. The ship was lost, and they, with all the little means they had, went to the bottom. Young Madam Rosina was their only child; they left her at school; but when this sad news came, the mistress did not care for keeping her! so the dear child has shared my poor morsel.

Bel. 'Tis enough, Dorcas: you shall not repent your kindness to her. But her father's name?

Dor. Melville; Colonel Melville.

Bel. I am too happy: he was the friend of my father's heart; a thousand times have I heard him lament his fate. [*Aside.*] Rosina's virtues shall not go unrewarded.

Dor. Yes, I know'd it wou'd be so. Heaven never forsakes the good man's children.

" *Bel.* I have another question to ask you, " Dorcas, and answer me sincerely; is her heart " free?

" *Dor.* To be sure, she never would let any " of our young men come a-near her, and " yet—

" *Bel.* Speak: I am on the rack.

" *Dor.* I'm afeard—she mopes and she pines " —but your honour would be angry—I'm " afeard the captain—

" *Bel.* [*Aside.*] Then my foreboding heart " was right! 'tis well, Dorcas; I see my bro- " ther yonder; leave us.

" *Der.* I'll go seek for the dear child.
" [*She goes*

" *Enter Capt.* BELVILLE.

" *Capt. B.* I wish it was over; I'm not q
" easy.
" *Bel.* I thought you intended to shoot
" day, brother?
" *Capt. B.* No; I changed my mind.
" *Bel.* You fancied it pleasanter chatting
" Rosina?
" *Capt. B.* With Rosina?
" *Bel.* O, don't affect ignorance, I saw
" come out of her cottage.
" *Capt. B.* True, yes; I had forgot.
" tigu'd with the heat, I entered the house,
" finding nobody there, threw myself on
" bed, and fell asleep: that was all, I as
" you.
" *Bel.* Not quite: for whom was the p
" intended? come, brother, you love her.
" *Capt. B.* Just as I love all pretty wom
" one must be amused in the country.
" *Bel.* I see plainly the source of all your
" rors, brother: an early acquaintance with
" worst part of the sex, has given you an u
" vourable idea of the best. But time will
" rect that mistake; your heart is noble,
" therefore cannot but be charmed with vi

"when she comes led by the loves and the "graces. Be sincere with me, brother: do you "think Rosina loves you?

"*Capt. B.* She has a few palpitations, I be- "lieve; but the little fool does not know what "ails her.

"*Bel.* 'Tis enough; since she loves you, you "shall marry her.

"*Capt. B.* Marry her! do I hear right?

"*Bel.* Why do you smile? she is amiable, "and merits to be treated with respect.

"*Capt. B.* Respect? I shall expire—respect "—a little gleaner!—no power of face can "stand this.

"*Bel.* Hear me, sir.

"*Capt. B.* But pray, Charles, since she is so "very respectable, why not marry her yourself?

"*Bel.* I wish her partiality for you did not "prevent my taking your advice. To obviate "every objection, she is your equal; the daugh- "ter of Col. Melville, and entitled to a share of "her grandfather's estate. In the mean time "obtain her consent, and a third of my fortune "is yours.

"*Capt. B.* This alters the case extremely, "brother: Rosina in herself—but let us find "her. [*Going.*

"*Bel.* Whither are you going, brother?

"*Capt. B.* Only to—'sdeath! what shall I "say? I am ruin'd if my fellows meet her—"

Enter "DORCAS *and*" RUSTIC.

Rus. Help, for heaven's sake, sir! Rosina's lost! she is carried away—

Bel. Rosina?

"*Capt. B.* [*Confusedly.*] Don't be alarmed—"let me go—"

Rus. I heard her cries, and ran to the place; but she was gone.—

"*Capt. B.* I fly to save her."

Bel. "With me, sir—I will not lose sight "of you." Rustic, hasten instantly with our reapers. "Dorcas, you will be our guide."

[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a Meadow by the River-side.*

Enter BELVILLE, *Capt.* BELVILLE, *and* DORCAS; *on the other side*, RUSTIC, *and the first and second* IRISHMEN.

Rus. Don't be frighted, sir; the Irishmen have rescued her, she is just here.

1 *Irish.* [*To* Dorcas.] Dry your tears, my jewel; we have done for them.

Dor. Have you saved her? I owe you more than life.

1 *Irish.* Faith, good woman, you owe me nothing at all. I'll tell your honour how it

was. My comrades and I were crossing the meadow, going home, when we saw them first; and hearing a woman cry, I looked up, and saw them putting her into a skiff against her will. Says I, Paddy, 'is not that the clever little crater that was glaning in the field with us this morning?'—'tis so, sure enough,' says he. 'By St. Patrick,' says I, 'there's enough of us to rescute her.' With that we ran for the bare life, waded up to the knees, laid about us bravely with our shillelays, knocked them out of the skiff, and brought her back safe: and here she comes, my jewel.

[Rosina *is followed by the* Reapers, *and throws herself into* Dorca's *arms.*

Dor. I canno' speak—art thou safe?

Bel. I dread to find the criminal.

Rus. Your honour need not go far afield, I believe; it must have been some friend of the captain's, for his French valet commanded the party.

Capt. B. I confess my crime; my passion for Rosina hurried me out of myself.

Bel. 'Was my house, sir, chosen for the scene of your ungoverned licentiousness?' You have dishonoured me, dishonoured the glorious profession you have embraced.—But be gone, I renounce you as my brother, and resume my ill-placed friendship.

Capt. B. Your indignation is just; I have of.

fended almost past forgiveness. Will the [illegible] of my hand repair the injury?

Bel. If Rosina accepts it, I am satisfied.

" *Capt. B.* What I have done, Rosina, was " the effect of a too tender love. Ought you to " punish it? accept my hand."

Ros. [*To* Bel.] Will you, sir, suffer?—this hope is a second insult. Whoever offends the object of his love, is unworthy of obtaining her.

Bel. This noble refusal paints your character. I know another, Rosina, who loves with as strong, though purer ardor: the timidity inseparable from real love has hitherto prevented his declaring himself—but if allowed to hope—

Ros. Do not, sir, envy me the calm delight of passing my independent days with Dorcas, in whom I have found a mother's tenderness.

Dor. Bless thee, my child; thy kindness melts my heart—but you must marry.

Ros. Never, 'till affection points out the object; to sensible minds, marriage must be a source of exquisite happiness or misery.

Bel. Do you refuse me too then, Rosina?

[Rosina *raises her eyes tenderly on* Bel. *lowers them again, and leans on* De[illegible]

Dor. You, sir? you?—" sure I am " dream!"

Capt. B. What do I hear?

" *Bel.* Rosina, may I hope?"

Ros. My confusion—my blushes—

Bel. 'Tis enough; I see I am rejected.'

Ros. 'Tis the first time in your life, I believe, hat you ever were mistaken.'

[*Giving her hand timidly to* Belville.

Bel. 'Then I am happy:' my life! my Ro- ina!

AIR.

"*How blest, my fair, who on thy face*
"*Uncheck'd by fear, may fondly gaze!*
"*Who, when he breathes the tender sigh,*
"*Beholds no anger in thine eye!*'

"*Ah, then, what joys await the swain,*
"*Who ardent pleads, nor pleads in vain;*
"*Whose voice with rapture all divine,*
"*Secure may say, 'This heart is mine.'*

"*Capt. B.* I am punished,; but I have too ell deserved it."

Phœ. Do you speak to his honour, William?

Will. No; do you speak, Phœbe.

Phœ. I am ashamed—William and I, your nour—William prayed me to let him keep me mpany—so he gained my good-will to have m, if so be my grandmother consents.

[*Courtesying and playing with her apron.*

Will. If your honour would be so good to eak to Dorcas.

Bel. Dorcas, you must not refuse me any ing to-day. I'll give William a farm.

Dor. Your honour is too kind—take her, William, and make her a good husband.

Will. That I will, dame.

Will. } [*To* Bel.] Thank your honour.
Phæ. }

[Belville *joins their hands; they bow and courtesy.*

Will. What must I do with the purse, your honour? Dorcas would not take it.

Bel. I believe my brother has the best right.

Capt. B. 'Tis yours, William; dispose of it as you please.

Will. Then I'll give it to our honest Irishmen, who fought so bravely for Rosina.

Bel. You have made a good use of it, William; nor shall my gratitude stop here.

Capt. B. Allow me to retire, brother, "and "learn at a distance from you to correct those "errors into which the fire of youth and bad "example have hurried me." When I am worthy of your esteem, I will return, and demand my rights in your affection.

Bel. You must not leave us, brother: "the "man who wishes to be virtuous is already be-"come so." Resume the race of honour; be indeed a soldier, and be more than my brother—be my friend. "Dorcas, you have a mother's "right in Rosina, and must not leave us.

"[*During the Finale*, William *distributes*
"*the money among the* Reapers."

AIR. *Finale.*

BELVILLE, *and Capt.* BELVILLE.

To bless, and to be blest, be ours,
Whate'er our rank, whate'er our pow'rs,
On some her gifts kind Fortune showers,
Who reap like us in this rich scene.

Yet those who taste her bounty less
The sigh malevolent repress,
And loud the feeling bosom bless,
Which something leaves for want to glean.

ROSINA.

How blest am I! supremely blest!
Since Belville all his soul exprest,
And fondly clasp'd me to his breast:
I now may reap—how chang'd the scene!

But ne'er can I forget the day,
When all to want and woe a prey,
Soft pity taught his soul to say,
'Unfeeling Rustic let her glean!'

RUSTIC, DORCAS, WILLIAM, & PHŒBE.

The hearts you glad your own display,
The heav'ns such goodness must repay;
And blest through many a summer's day,
Full crops you'll reap in this rich scene:

And O! when summer's joys are o'er,
And autumn yields its fruits no more,
New blessings be there yet in store,
For winter's sober hours to glean.

CHORUS OF ALL.

And O! when summer's joys are o'er, &c.

[*The* Reapers *form dances, and present nosegays of corn-flowers and poppies to* Belville *and* Rosina.

THE END.

THE

PADLOCK,

A

FARCE,

BY

MR. ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

ADAPTED FOR

Theatrical Representation.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permission of the Managers.

Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

HN CAWTHORN, 5, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND,

Bookseller to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

1806.

Printed by Wm. Burton, Fetter Lane.

THE PADLOCK.

i comic Opera, the production of Mr. Isaac Bic-
ff, who has long since bid adieu to the mansions of
g, was acted at Drury Lane, in 1768, and was set
: by Mr. Charles Dibdin, Sen. who performed
inal character of Mungo. Few pieces were better
l, and none have been more applauded.

tory is taken from a novel written by the celebrated
of Don Quixote, called the Jealous Husband; who
sented in this piece as a jealous don, about to marry
utiful daughter of a family of genteel extraction, but
ircumstances, under condition of either marrying
returning her spotless to their habitation in three
, with two thousand pistoles for her portion. To
lish this purpose he uses bolts, bars, and a *Padlock*
e the property. His endeavours are however frus-
y means of a younger and more successful suitor,
n the old gentleman generously resigns his ward.—
ERSTAFF's dramatic productions are nineteen in
r: Leucothoe, 1756; Thomas and Sally, 1760;
n a Village, 1762; Maid of the Mill, and
E and Amintor, 1765; Plain Dealer, 1766;
1 the City, 1767; Lionel and Clarissa, the Ab-
ian, the Padlock, and the Apprentice, 1768;
hesian Matron, Dr. Last in his Chariot, and
ptive, 1769; A School for Fathers, It's Well
Worse, The Recruiting Serjeant, 1771; and
ltana.

Dramatis Personae.

COVENT GARDEN.

	Men.
Don Diego.	Mr. Munden.
Leander,	Mr. Hill.
Mungo,	Mr. Blanchard.
	Women.
Leonora,	Miss Howell.
Ursula,	Mrs. Mattocks

Scene, *Salamanca.*

THE

PADLOCK.

ACT I.

Scene, *A Garden belonging to* **Don Diego's** *House.*

Don Diego *enters, musing.*

Thoughts to council——let me see——
Hum——to be or not to be
A husband, is the question.
A cuckold! must that follow?
Say what men will,
Wedlock's a pill
Bitter to swallow,
And hard of digestion.
But fear makes the danger seem double.
Say, Hymen, what mischief can trouble
My peace, should I venture to try you?
My doors shall be lock'd,
My windows be block'd;

No male in my house,
Not so much as a mouse:
Then, horns, horns, I defy you.
Dieg. Ursula!

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Here, an't please your worship.
Dieg. Where is Leonora?
Urs. In her chamber, Sir.
Dieg. There is the key of it; there the key of the best hall; there the key of the door upon the first flight of stairs; there the key of the door upon the second; this double locks the hatch below, and this the door that opens into that entry.
Urs. I am acquainted with every ward of them.
Dieg. You know, Ursula, when I took Leonora from her father and mother, she was to live in the house with me three months, at the expiration of which time, I entered into a bond of four thousand pistoles, either to return her to them spotless, with half that sum for a dowry, or make her my true and lawful wife.
Urs. And I warrant you they came secretly to inquire of me whether they might venture to trust your worship. Lord! said I, I have lived with the gentleman nine years and three quarters, come Lammas, and never saw any thing uncivil by him in my life; nor no more I ever

did: and, to let your worship know, if I had, you would have mistaken your person; for I bless heaven, tho' I'm poor, I'm honest, and would not live with any man alive that should want to handle me unlawfully.

Dieg. Ursula, I do believe it: and you are particularly happy, that both your age and your person exempt you from any such temptation. But be this as it will, Leonora's parents, after some little difficulty, consented to comply with my proposal; and, being fully satisfied with their daughter's temper and conduct, which I wanted to be acquainted with, this day being the expiration of the term, I am resolved to fulfil my bond by marrying her to-morrow.

Urs. Heaven bless you together.

Dieg. During the time she has lived with me she has never been a moment out of my sight; and now tell me, Ursula, what you have observed in her.

Urs. All meekness and gentleness, your worship; and yet, I warrant you, shrewd and sensible; egad, when she pleases, she can be as sharp as a needle.

Dieg. You have not been able to discover any particular attachments?

Urs. Why, Sir, of late I have observed——

Dieg. Eh! how! what?

Urs. That she has taken greatly to——

Dieg. To what?

Urs. To the young kitten.

Dieg. O! is that all?

Urs. Ay, by my faith, I don't think she is fond of any thing else.

Dieg. Of me, Ursula?

Urs. Aye, aye, of the kitten and your worship, and her birds, and going to mass. I have taken notice of late, that she is mighty fond of going to mass, as your worship lets her, early of a morning.

Dieg. Well! I am now going to her parents, to let them know my resolution; I will not take her with me, because, having been used to confinement, and it being the life I am determined she shall lead, it will be only giving her a bad habit. I shall return with the good folks tomorrow morning; in the mean time, Ursula, I confide in your attention; and take care, as you would merit my favour.

Urs. I will indeed, your worship; nay, if there's a widow gentlewoman in all Salamanca fitter to look after a young maiden——

Dieg. Go, and send Leonora to me.

Urs. *I know the world, Sir, tho' I say't:*
I'm cautious and wise;
And they who surprise
My prudence nodding,
Must sit up late.
Never fear, Sir;
Your safety's here, Sir;

Yes, yes,
I'll answer for Miss;
Let me alone;
I warrant my care
Shall weigh to a hair
As much as your own. [*Exit* Ursula.

lieg. I dreamt last night that I was going to rch with Leonora to be married, and that we e met on the road by a drove of oxen—— n——I don't like oxen! I wish it had been ck of sheep.

r LEONORA, *with a bird on her finger, which she holds in the other hand by a string.*

eon. *Say, little, foolish, fluttering thing,*
Whither, ah! whither would you wing
Your airy flight?
Stay here and sing,
Your mistress to delight.
No, no, no,
Sweet Robin, you shall not go:
Where, you wanton, could you be
Half so happy as with me?

lieg. Leonora!

eon. Here I am.

lieg. Look me in the face, and listen to me ntively.

eon. There.

lieg. I am going this evening to your father

and mother, and I suppose you are not ignorant of the cause of my journey. Are you willing to be my wife?

Leon. I am willing to do whatever you and my father and my mother please.

Dieg. But that's not the thing; do you like me?

Leon. Y—es.

Dieg. What do you sigh for?

Leon. I don't know.

Dieg. When you came hither, you were taken from a mean little house, ill situated, and worse furnished; you had no servants, and were obliged, with your mother, to do the work yourself.

Leon. Yes; but when we had done, I could look out at the window, or go a-walking in the fields.

Dieg. Perhaps you dislike confinement?

Leon. No, I don't, I'm sure.

Dieg. I say, then, I took you from that mean habitation and hard labour, to a noble building, and this fine garden; where, so far from being a slave, you are absolute mistress; and instead of wearing a mean stuff gown, look at yourself, I beseech you; the dress you have on is fit for a princess.

Leon. 'Tis very fine indeed.

Dieg. Well, Leonora, you know in what manner you have been treated since you have been my companion; ask yourself again now, whether

you can be content to lead a life with me according to the specimen you have had?

Leon. Specimen.

Dieg. Ay, according to the manner I have treated you——according——

Leon. I'll do whatever you please.

Dieg. Then, my dear, give me a kiss.

Leon. Good bye to you.

Dieg. Here, Ursula.

By some I am told,
That I'm wrinkled and old;
But I will not believe what they say:
I feel my blood mounting,
Like streams in a fountain,
That merrily sparkle and play.
For love I have will
And ability still:
Obsbobs, I can scarcely refrain!
My diamond, my pearl,——
Well, be a good girl,
Until I come to you again.

[*Exit* Don Diego.

Leon. Heigho!—I think I am sick.—He's very good to me, to be sure; and 'tis my duty to love him, because we ought not to be ungrateful; but I wish I was not to marry him for all that, though I'm afraid to tell him so. Fine feathers, they say, make fine birds; but I am sure they don't make happy ones; a sparrow is happier in the fields than a goldfinch in a cage.

There is something makes me mighty uneasy. While he was talking to me, I thought I never saw any thing look so ugly in my life——O dear now, why did I forget to ask leave to go to mass to-morrow? I suppose, because he's abroad, Ursula won't take me—I wish I had asked leave to go to mass.

Was I a shepherd's maid to keep
On yonder plains a flock of sheep;
Well pleas'd I'd watch the live-long day,
My ewes at feed, my lambs at play;
Or would some bird that pity brings,
But for a moment lend its wings,
My parents then might rave and scold,
My guardians strive my will to hold:
Their words are harsh, his walls are high,
But spite of all away I'd fly.

SCENE *changes to a Street in* Salamanca. LEANDER *enters with two Scholars, all in their University Gowns.*

Leand. His name is Don Diego; there's his house, like another monastery, or rather prison; his servants are an ancient duenna, and a negro slave——

1 *Schol.* And after having lived fifty years a bachelor, this old fellow has pick'd up a young thing of sixteen whom he by chance saw in a balcony!

lol. And you are in love with the girl?
id. To desperation: and I believe I am
lifferent to her; for, finding that her jea-
ardian took her to the chapel of a neigh-
g convent every morning before it was
I went there in the habit of a pilgrim,
ig myself as near her as I could. I then
my appearance; continuing to do so from
time, till I was convinced she had sufficiemarked and understood my meaning.
lol. Well, Leander, I'll say that for you,
s not a more industrious fellow in the uni-
of Salamanca, when a wench is to be
d.
lol. But prithee tell us now, how did you
ormation?
id. First from report, which raised my cu-
and afterwards from the negro I just now
ned: I observed that when the family was
bed, he often came to air himself at
grate; you know I am no bad chanter,
ery scurvy minstrel; so, taking a guitar,
ig a black patch on my eye, and a swathe
ne of my legs, I soon scraped acquaint-
ith my friend Mungo. He adores my
nd sarabands; and, taking me for a poor
, often repays me with a share of his al-
e, which I accept, to avoid suspicion.
lol. And so——
id. And so, Sir, he hath told me all the

secrets of his family; and one worth knowing; for he informed me last night, that his master will this evening take a short journey into the country, from whence he proposes not to return till tomorrow, leaving his young wife, that is to be, behind him.

2 *Schol.* Zounds! let's scale the wall.

Lean. Fair and softly; I will this instant go and put on my disguise, watch for the Don's going out, attack my negro afresh, and then try if by his means I cannot come into the house, or at least get a sight of my charming angel.

1 *Schol.* Angel! is she then so handsome?

Lean. It is time for us to withdraw: come to my chambers, and there you shall know all you can desire. [*Exeunt* Scholars.

Hither, Venus, with your doves;
Hither, all ye little loves;
Round me, light, your wings display,
And bear a lover on his way.
Oh, could I but, like Jove of old,
Transform myself to show'ry gold;
Or in a swan my passion shroud,
Or wrap it in an orient cloud:
What locks, what bars, should then impede,
Or keep me from my charming maid?

[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the outside of* DON DIEGO'S *House, which appears with windows barred up.*

and an iron grate before an entry. DON DIEGO *enters from the house, having first unlocked the door, and removed two or three bars, which assisted in fastening it.*

Dieg. With the precautions I have taken, I think I run no risk in quitting my house for a short time; Leonora has never shewed the least inclination to deceive me; besides, my old woman is prudent and faithful; she has all the keys, and will not part with them from herself. But suppose——suppose——by the rood and St. Francis, I will not leave it in her power to do mischief—a woman's not having it in her power to deceive you is the best security for her fidelity, and the only one a wise man will confide in; Fast bind, safe find, is an excellent proverb. I'll e'en lock her up with the rest; there's a hasp to the door, and I have a padlock within which shall be my guarantee: I will wait till the negro returns with provisions he is gone to purchase; and, clapping them all up together, make my mind easy by having the key they are under in my pocket.

Enter MUNGO *with a hamper.*

Mun. Go, get you down, you damn hamper; you carry me now. Curse my old Massa, send-

ing me here and dere for one something to make me tire like a mule—curse him imperance—and damn him insurance.

Dieg. How now?

Mun. Ah, Massa! bless your heart.

Dieg. What's that you are muttering, Sirrah?

Mun. Noting, Massa; only me say you very good Massa.

Dieg. What do you leave your load down there for?

Mun. Massa, me lily tire.

Dieg. Take it up, rascal.

Mun. Yes, bless your heart, Massa.

Dieg. No, lay it down. Now I think on't, come hither.

Mun. What you say, Massa?

Dieg. Can you be honest?

Mung. Me no savee, Massa; you never ax me before.

Dieg. Can you tell truth?

Mung. What you give me, Massa?

Dieg. There's a pistern for you. Now tell me, do you know of any ill going on in my house?

Mung. Ah, Massa! a damn deal.

Dieg. How, that I am a stranger to?

Mun. No, Massa: you lick me every day with your rattan; I'm sure, Massa, that's mischief enough for poor neger man.

Dieg. So, So.

Mun. La, Massa, how could you have a heart to lick poor neger man, as you lick me last Thursday?

Dieg. If you have not a mind I should chastise you now, hold your tongue.

Mun. Yes, Massa, if you no lick me again.

Dieg. Listen to me, I say.

Mun. You know, Massa, me very good servant——

Dieg. Then you will go on?

Mun. And ought to be use kine——

Dieg. If you utter another syllable——

Mun. And I'm sure, Massa, you can't deny but I worky worky—I dress a victuals, and run a errands, and wash a house, and make a beds, and scrub a shoes, and wait a table.

Dieg. Take that——Now, will you listen to me?

Mung. La, Massa, if ever I saw——

Dieg. I am going abroad, and shall not return till to-morrow morning. During this night, I charge you not to sleep a wink, but be watchful as a linx, and keep walking up and down the entry, that if you hear the least noise, you may alarm the family.

Mun. So I must be stay in a cold all night, and have no sleep, and get no tanks neither; then him call me tief, and rogue, and rascal, to tempt me.

Dieg. Stay here, perverse animal, and take

care that nobody approaches the door; I am going in, and shall be out again in a moment.

Mun. Dear heart, what a terrible life am I led!
A dog has a better, that's shelter'd and fed.
Night and day 'tis the same,
My pain is dere game:
Me wish to de Lord me was dead.
Whate'er's to be done,
Poor black must run:
Mungo here, Mungo dere,
Mungo every where;
Above and below,
Sirrah, come, sirrah, go;
Do so, and do so.
Oh, oh!
Me wish to de Lord me was dead.

[Exit *into the house.*

DON DIEGO, *having entered the house during the song, returns with* URSULA, *who, after the negro goes in, appears to bolt the door on the inside: then* DON DIEGO, *unseen by them, puts on a large padlock, and goes off: after which* LEANDER *enters disguised, and* MUNGO *comes to the grate.*

Lean. So—my old Argus is departed, and the evening is as favourable for my design as I could wish. Now to attract my friend Mungo; if he's

within hearing of my guittar, I am sure he will quickly make his appearance.

Mun. Who goes dere?—Hip, hollo!

Lean. Heaven bless you, my worthy master. Will your worship's honour have a little music this evening? And I have got a bottle of delicious cordial here, given me by a charitable monk of a convent hard by, if your grace will please to taste it.

Mun. Give me a sup tro a grate; come closee, man, don't be fear; old Massa gone out, as I say last night, and he no come back before to-morrow; come, trike mousic, and give us a song.

Lean. I'll give your worship a song I learnt in Barbary, when I was a slave among the Moors.

Mun. Ay, do.

Lean. There was a cruel and malicious Turk, who was called Heli Abdalla Mahomet Scah; now this wicked Turk had a fair Christian slave named Jezbel, who not consenting to his beastly desires, he draws out his sabre, and is going to cut off her head; here's what he says to her—(*sings and plays*). Now you shall hear the slave's answer—(*sings and plays again*). Now you shall hear how the wicked Turk, being greatly enraged, is again going to cut off the fair slave's head (*sings and plays again*) Now you shall hear ———

Mun. What signify me hear——Me no understand.

Lean. Oh, you want something you understand! If your honour had said that——

URSULA *above at the window.*

Urs. Mungo! Mungo!

Mun. Some one call dere——

Urs. Mungo, I say.

Mun. What devil you want?

Urs. What lewd noise is that?

Mun. Lewd yourself; no lewd here; play away, never mind her.

Urs. I shall come down if you go on.

Mun. Ay, come along, more merrier; nothing here but poor man; he sing for bit of bread.

Urs. I'll have no poor man near our door: Hark'e, fellow, can you play the Forsaken Maid's Delight, or Black Bess of Castile? Ah, Mungo, if you had heard me sing when I was young!

Mun. Gad, I'm sure I hear your voice often enough now you old.

Urs. I could quaver like any blackbird.

Mun. Come throw a poor soul a penny; he play a tune for you.

Urs. How did you lose the use of your leg?

Lean. In the wars, my good dame: I was taken by a Barbary Corsair, and carried into Sallee, where I liv'd eleven years and three quarters upon cold water and the roots of the

earth, without having a coat on my back, or laying my head on a pillow: an infidel bought me for a slave; he gave me the strappado on my shoulders, and the bastinado on the soles of my feet; now this infidel Turk had fifty three wives, and one hundred and twelve concubines.

Urs. Then he was an unreasonable villain.

LEONORA *above at the window.*

Leon. Ursula!

Urs. Od's my life, what's here to do? Go back, go back; fine work we shall have indeed; good man, good bye.

Leon. I could not stay any longer by myself; pray let me take a little air at the grate.

Lean. Do, worthy Madam, let the young gentlewoman stay; I'll play her a love song for nothing.

Urs. No, no, none of your love songs here; if you could play a saraband indeed and there was room for one's motion——

Lean. I am but a poor man; but if your ladyship will let me in as far as the hall or kitchen, you may all dance, and I sha'nt ask any thing.

Urs. Why, if it was not on my master's account, I should think no harm in a little innocent recreation.

LIB
PRETIOSA
k Col
ted in

Lean. Stay, charming creature: why will you fly the youth who adores you?

Leon. Oh, Lord! I'm frighted out of my wits!

Lean. Have you not taken notice, beauteous Leonora, of the pilgrim who has so often met you at church? I am that pilgrim, one who would change shapes as often as Proteus, to be bless'd with a sight of you.

O thou whose charms enslave my heart,
In pity hear a youth complain.

Leon. *I must not hear—dear youth, depart—*
I am certain I have no desert
A gentleman like you to gain.

Lean. *Then do I seek your love in vain?*

Leon. *It is another's right;*

Lean. ——————*And he,*
Distracting thought! must happy be
While I am doom'd to pain.

Urs. *Come round, young man, I've been to try.*

Mur. *And so have I.*

A. 2. *I'm sure the wall is not too high.*
If you please,
You'll mount with ease.

Lean. *Can you to aid my bliss deny?*
Shall it be so?
If you say no,
I will not go.

Leon. *I must consent, however loath:*
But whenever we desire,
Make him promise to retire.

Urs. *Nay, marry, he shall take his oath.*
Lean. *By your eyes, of heav'nly blue;*
By your lips ambrosial dew;
Your cheeks, where rose and lily blend,
Your voice, the music of the spheres——
Mun. *Lord o'mercy how he swears!*
He makes my hairs
All stand an end!
Urs. *Come, that's enough, ascend, ascend.*
A. 4. *Let's be happy while we may:*
Now the old one's far away.
Laugh and sing, and dance and play;
Harmless pleasure, why delay?

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, *A hall in* DON DIEGO'S *house, on one side a staircase leading to an apartment, on the other a door leading to a cellar.*

Enter URSULA *and* LEANDER.

URSULA.

OH! shame; out upon't, Sir, talk to me no more; I that have been fam'd throughout all Spain, as I may say, for virtue and discretion; the very flower and quintessence of duennas; you have cast a blot upon me; a blot upon my reputation, that was as fair as a piece of white paper; and now I shall be revil'd, pointed at; nay, men will call me filthy names upon your account.

Lean. What filthy names will they call you?

Urs. They'll say I'm an old procuress.

Lean. Fie, fie, men know better things—— besides, tho' I have got admittance into your house, be assur'd I shall commit no outrage here; and if I have been guilty of any indiscretion, let love be my excuse.

Urs. Well, as I live, he's a pretty young fellow.

Lean. You, my sweet Ursula, have what it is to be in love; and, I warra had admirers enough at your feet; y still retain fire enough to tell me that.

Urs. They tell you no lie; for, to when I was a young woman, I was greatl after; nay, it was reported, that a yo for love of me; one Joseph Perez, a t trade; of the grey-hound make, lank my memory fail me not, his right should the breadth of my hand higher than but he was upright as an arrow; and b counts, one of the finest workmen at a hole;——

Lean. But where is Leonora?

Urs. Where is she! by my troth, I h her up in her chamber, under three b a double lock.

Lean. And will you bring us not tog

Urs. Who I?——How can you ask a question? Really, Sir, I take it e unkind.

Lean. Well, but you misapprehend—

Urs. I told you just now, that if you ed that to me again, it would make me si so it has turned me upside down as it w

Lean. Indeed, my best friend——

Urs. Oh, oh, hold me or I shall fall.

Lean. I will hold you.

Urs. And do you feel any compassio

Lean. I do.

Urs. Why, truly, you have a great deal to answer for, to bring tears into my eyes at this time o'day; I'm sure they are the first I have shed since my poor dear husband's death.

Lean. Nay, don't think of that now.

Urs. For you must understand, Sir, to play a trick upon a grave discreet matron——And yet, after all, by my faith, I don't wonder you should love the young thing under my care; for it is one of the sweetest conditioned souls that ever I was acquainted with; and, between ourselves, our Donnee is too old for such a babe.

Lean. Ursula, take this gold.

Urs. For what, Sir?

Lean. Only for the love of me.

Urs. Nay, if that be all, I won't refuse it, for I love you I assure you; you put me so much in mind of my poor dear husband; he was a handsome man; I remember he had a mole between his eye-brows, about the bigness of a hazel-nut; but, I must say, you have the advantage in the lower part of the countenance,

Lean. The old beldam grows amorous——

Urs. Lord love you, you're a well looking young man.

Lean. But Leonora——

Urs. Ha, ha, ha, to pretend you were lame—I never saw a finer leg in my life.

Lean. Leonora!

Urs. Well Sir, I'm going.

Lean. I shall never get rid of her.

Urs. Sir.——

Lean. How now?

Urs. Would you be so kind, Sir, as to indulge me with the favour of a salute?

Lean. Ugh!

Urs. Gad-a-mercy, your cheek—Well, well, I have seen the day; but no matter, my wine's upon the lees now; however, Sir, you might have had the politeness when a gentlewoman made the offer—But heaven bless you.

" *When a woman's front is wrinkled,*
" *And her hairs are sprinkled*
" *With grey,*
" *Lackaday!*
" *How her lovers fall away!*
" *Like fashions past,*
" *Aside she's cast,*
" *No one respect will pay;*
" *Remember,*
" *Lasses, remember,*
" *And while the sun shines, make hay;*
" *You must not expect in December,*
" *The flowers you gather'd in May.*

[*Exit* Ursula.

Enter MUNGO.

Mun. Ah! Massa—You brave Massa, now, what you do here wid de old woman?

Lean. Where is your young mistress, Mungo?

Mun. By gog she lock her up. But why you no tell me before time you a gentleman?

Lean. Sure I have not given the purse for nothing.

Mun. Purse! what! you giving her money den?——curse her imperance, why you no give it me?—you give me something as well as she. You know, Massa, you see me first.

Lean. There, there, are you content?

Mun. Me get supper ready, and now me go to de cellar—But I say, Massa, ax de old man now, what good him watching do, him bolts and bars, him walls and him padlock?

Lean. Hist! Leonora comes.

Mun. But, Massa, you say you teach me play,

Let me, when my heart a sinking,
Hear the sweet guitar a clinking;
When a string speak,
Such moosic he make,
Me suon am cur'd of tinking.
Wid de toot, toot, toot,
Of a merry flute,
And cymbalo
And tymbalo
To boot:
We dance and we sing,
Till we make a house ring,
And, tied in his garters, old Massa may swing.

[*Exit into the cellar.*

Enter LEONORA *and* URSULA.

Lean. Oh, charming Leonora, how shal
press the rapture of my heart upon this occ
I almost doubt the reality of that chance
has brought me thus happily to see, to sp
you, without restraint.

Urs. Well, but it must not be with
straint; it can't be without restraint; it
by my faith; ——now you are going to
me sick again.

Leon. La! Ursula, I durst to say the
man doesn't want to do me any harm—E
Sir? I'm sure I would not hurt a hair
head, nor nobody's else, for the lucre
whole world.

Urs. Come, Sir, where is your lute?
shall see me dance a saraband: or if you
ther have a song——or the child and I wi
a minuet, if you choose grace before agil

Lean. This fulsome harridan——

Leon. I don't know what's come over h
I never saw the like of her since I was b

Lean. I wish she was at the devil.

Leon. Ursula, what's the matter with

Urs. What's the matter with me!
come up, what's the matter with you!
Diego can't shew such a shape as that
there is nothing I like better than to see a
fellow with a well-made leg.

Lean. Pr'ythee let us go away from her.

Leon. I don't know how to do it, Sir.

Lean. Nothing more easy; I will go with my guitar into the garden; 'tis moon-light; take an opportunity to follow me there: I swear to you, beautiful and innocent creature, you have nothing to apprehend.

Leon. No, Sir, I am certain of that, with a gentleman such as you are, and that have taken so much pains to come after me; and I should hold myself very ungrateful, if I did not do any thing to oblige you, in a civil way.

Lean. Then you'll come?

Leon. I'll do my best endeavour, Sir,

Lean. And may I hope that you love me?

Leon. I don't know; as to that I can't say.

Urs. Come, come, what colloguin's here; I must see how things are going forward; besides, Sir, you ought to know that it is not manners to be getting into corners, and whispering before company.

Lean. Psha!

Urs. Ay, you may say your pleasure, Sir; but I'm sure what I say is the right thing: I should hardly choose to venture in a corner with you myself; nay, I would not do it, I protest and vow.

Lean. Beautiful Leonora, I find my being depends upon the blessing of your good opinion do you desire to put an end to my days?

Leon. No, indeed! Indeed I don't.

Leon. But then——

In vain you bid your captive live,
While you the means of life deny;
Give me your smiles, your wishes give
To him who must without you die.
Shut from the sun's enliv'ning beam,
Bid flow'rs retain their scent and hue;
Its source dry'd up, bid flow the stream,
And me exist depriv'd of you.

[*Exit* Leander.

Urs. Let me sit down a little; come hither, child, I am going to give you good advice; therefore listen to me, for I have more years over my head than you.

Leon. Well, and what then?

Urs. What then!—Marry, then you must mind what I say to you——as I said before—— "but I say——what was I saying?

"*Leon.* I'm sure I don't know.

"*Urs.* You see the young man that is gone "out there; he has been telling me that he's "dying for love of you; can you find in your "heart to let him expire?

"*Leon.* I'm sure I won't do any thing bad.

"*Urs.* Why, that's right; you learned that "from me: have I not said to you a thousand "times, Never do any thing bad? have I not "said it? answer me that.

"*Leon.* Well, and what then?

"*Urs.* Very well, listen to me; your guar-

" dian is old, and ugly, and jealous, and yet " he may live longer than a better man.

" *Leon.* He has been very kind to me, for all " that, Ursula; and I ought to strive to please " him.

" *Urs.* There again; have I not said to you " a thousand times, that he was very kind to " you, and you ought to strive to please him? " It would be a hard thing to be preaching from " morning till night without any profit.

Leon. Well, Ursula, after all, I wish this gentleman had never got into the house; Heaven send no ill comes of it.

Urs. Ay, I say so too; Heaven send it; but I'm cruelly afraid; for how shall we get rid of him? he'll never be able to crawl up the inside of the wall, whatever he did the out.

Leon. O Lord! won't he?

Urs. No, by my conscience, won't he; and when your guardian comes in, if we had fifty necks a-piece, he'd twist them every one, if he finds him here; for my part, the best I expect is to end my old days in a prison.

Leon. You don't say so;

Urs. I do indeed, and it kills me to think of it; but every one has their evil day, and this has been mine.

Leon. I have promised to go to him into the garden.

Urs. Nay, you may do any thing now, for we

are undone; though I think, if you could persuade him to get up the chimney, and stay on the roof of the house until to-morrow night, we might then steal the keys from your guardian—but I'm afraid you won't be able to persuade him.

Leon. I'll go down upon my knees.

Urs. Find him out, while I step up stairs.

Leon. Pray for us, dear Ursula.

Urs. I will, if I possibly can.

Leon. *Oh me, oh me, what shall we do?*
The fault is all along of you:
You brought him in——why did you so?
'Twas not by my desire, you know.
We have but too much cause to fear
My guardian, when he comes to hear
We've had a man with us, will kill
Me, you, and all; indeed he will.
No penitence will pardon procure,
He'll kill us ev'ry soul, I'm sure.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter DON DIEGO, *groping his way, with the padlock in his hand.*

Dieg. All dark, all quiet; gone to bed and fast asleep, I warrant them: however, I am not sorry that I altered my first intention of staying out the whole night; and meeting Leonora's father on the road was at any rate a lucky inci-

dent. I will not disturb them; but since I have let myself in with my master key, go softly to bed; I shall be able to strike a light, and then I think I may say my cares are over.

Good Heavens!——what a wonderful deal of uneasiness may mortals avoid by a little prudence! I doubt not now, there are some men who would have gone out in my situation, and, trusting to the goodness of fortune, left their house and their honour in the care of an inexperienced girl, or the discretion of a mercenary servant.——While he is abroad, he is tormented with fears and jealousies; and when he returns home, he probably finds disorder, and perhaps shame. But what do I do?——I put on a padlock on my door, and all is safe.

Enter MUNGO *from the cellar, with a flask in one hand, and a candle in the other.*

Mun. Tol, lol, lol, lol.

Dieg. Hold, didn't I hear a noise?

Mun. Holla!

Dieg. Heavens and earth! what do I see?

Mun. Where are, you young Massa and Missy? Here wine for supper.

Dieg. I'm thunder-struck!

Mun. My old Massa little tink we be so merry—hic—hic——What's the matter with me! the room turn round.

Dieg. Wretch, do you know me?

Mun. Know you?——damn you.

Dieg. Horrid creature! what makes you here at this time of night? is it with a design to surprise the innocents in their beds, and murder them sleeping?

Mun. Hush, hush—make no noise—hic—hic

Dieg. The slave is intoxicated.

Mun. Make no noise, I say; deres young gentleman wid young lady; he play on guitar, and she like him better dan she like you. Fal, lal, lal.

Dieg. Monster, I'll make an example of you.

Mun. What you call me names for, you old dog?

Dieg. Does the villain dare to lift his hand against me?

Mun. Will you fight?

Dieg. He's mad.

Mun. Deres one in de house you little tink. Gad he do your business.

Dieg. Go lie down in your stye, and sleep.

Mun. Sleep? sleep you self, you drunk—— ha! ha! ha! Look, a padlock:—you put a padlock on a dore again, will you?—Ha! ha! ha!

Dieg. Did'nt I hear music?

Mun. Hic——hic.

Dieg. Was it not the sound of a guitar?

Mun. Yes, he play on de guitar rarely—Give hand; you're old rascal——an't you?

Dieg. What dreadful shock affects me? 'm in a cold sweat; a mist comes over my yes, and my knees knock together as if I ad got a fit of the shaking palsy.

Mun. I tell you a word in your ear."

Dieg. Has any stranger broke into my house?

Mun. Yes, by——hic——a fine young gen- nan; he now in next room with Missy.

Dieg. Holy St. Francis! is it possible?

Mun. Go you round softly—you catch them ether.

Dieg. Confusion! distraction! I shall run l. [*Exit* Mungo.

" *O wherefore this terrible flurry?*
" *My spirits are all in a hurry!*
" *And above and below,*
" *From my top to my toe,*
" *Are running about, hurry scurry.*
" *My heart in my bosom a-bumping,*
" *Goes thumping,*
" *And jumping,*
" *And thumping.*
" *It's a spectre I see;*
" *Hence vanish—Ah me!*
" *My senses deceive me;*
" *Soon reason will leave me:*
" *What a wretch am I destin'd to be!*"

[*Exit.*

Enter MUNGO, URSULA, LEANDE
LEONORA.

Urs. O shame! monstrous! you
swab, you have been in the cellar, witl
to you.

Mun. Let me put my hands about

Urs. Oh, I shall be ruin'd! Help, h
ruin!

Leon. Goodness me, what's the ma

Urs. Oh dear, child! this black
frighten'd me out of my wits; he h
to——

Mun. Me! curse a heart! I want
her——What she say, I want for——

Leon. Ursula, the gentleman say
some friends waiting for him at the ot
the garden-wall, that will throw him o
der made of ropes, which he got up b

Lean. *Then must I go?*

Leon. *Yes, good Sir, yes.*

Lean. *A parting kiss?*

Leon, *No, good Sir, no.*

Lean. *It must be so.*
By this, and this.
Here I could for ever grow,
'Tis more than mortal bliss.

Leon. *Well, now good night;*
Pray, ease our fright;

You're very bold, Sir;
Let loose your hold, Sir:
I think you want to scare me quite.
Lean. Oh fortune's spight!
Leon. Good night, good night.
Hark! the neighb'ring convent's bell
Tolls the vesper hour to tell;
The clock now chimes;
A thousand times,
A thousand times farewell.

Enter DON DIEGO.

Dieg. Stay, Sir; let nobody go out of the room.

Urs. (falling down) Ah, ah! a ghost! a ghost!

Dieg. Woman, stand up.

Urs. I won't, I won't. Murder! don't touch me.

Dieg. Leonora, what am I to think of this?

Leon. Oh, dear Sir, don't kill me.

Dieg. Young man, who are you who have thus clandestinely, at an unseasonable hour, broke into my house? Am I to consider you as a robber, or how?

Lean. As one whom love has made indiscreet; as one whom love has taught industry and art to compass his designs. I love the beautiful Leonora, and she me; but further than what you

hear and see, neither one nor the
been culpable.

Mun. Hear him, hear him.

Lean. Don Diego, you know my
—Don Alphonso de Luna; I am
this university, and am willing to
whatever punishment he, through y
shall inflict; but wreak not your
here.

Dieg. Thus then my hopes and
once frustrated; possess'd of what
jewel, I was desirous to keep it fo
rais'd up the walls of this house
height; I barr'd up my windows t
street; I put double bolts on my do
nished all that had the shadow of n
kind; and I stood continually cent
myself, to guard my suspicion fro
thus secur'd, I left my watch for on
ment, and in that moment——

Leon. Pray, pray, guardian, let
the story, you'll find I'm not to bla

Dieg. No, child, I only am to
should have consider'd that sixtee
agree ill together. But though I
to be wise, I am not too old to lea
I say, send for a smith directly,
grates from my windows, take the
my doors, and let egress and regre
freely.

Leon. And will you be my husband, Sir?

Dieg. No, child, I will give you to one that will make you a better husband. Here, young man, take her: if your parents consent, to-morrow shall see you join'd in the face of the church; and the dowry which I promised her, in case of failure on my side of the contract, shall now go with her as a marriage portion.

Leon. Signor, this is so generous——

Dieg. No thanks; perhaps I owe acknowledgments to you; but you, Ursula, have no excuse—no passion to plead; and your age should have taught you better. I'll give you five hundred crowns; but never let me see you more.

Mun. And what you give me, Massa?

Dieg. Bastinadoes for your drunkenness and infidelity. Call in my neighbours and friends. ——O man! man! how short is your foresight, how ineffectual your prudence! while the very means you use are destructive of your ends!

Go forge me fetters that shall bind
The rage of the tempestuous wind;
Sound with a needleful of thread
The depth of ocean's steepy bed;
Snap like a twig the oak's tough tree;
Quench Etna with a cup of tea;

In these manœuvres shew your skill,
Then hold a woman, if you will.

Urs. *Permit me to put in a word.*
My master here is quite absurd.
That men should rule our sex is meet;
But art, not force, must do the feat:
Remember what the fable says,
Where the sun's warm and melting rays,
Soon bring about what wind and rain,
With all their fuss, attempt in vain.

Mun. *And, Massa, be not angry, pray,*
If neger man a word should say;
Me have a fable pat as she,
Which wid dis matter will agre:
An owl once took it in his head
Wid some young pretty bird to wed;
But when his worship came to woo,
He could get none be de cuckoo.

Leon. *Ye youth select, who wish to taste*
The joys of wedlock, pure and chaste,
Ne'er let the mistress and the friend
An abject slave and tyrant end.
While each with tender passion burns,
Ascend the throne of rule by turns;
And place (to love, to virtue just)
Security in mutual trust.

Lean. *To sum up all you now have heard——*
Young men and old, peruse the bard:
A female trusted to your care,
(His rule is pithy, short, and clear,)

Be to her faults a little blind;
Be to her virtues very kind;
Let all her ways be unconfin'd,
And clap your padlock on her mind.

THE END.

FORTUNE'S FROLICK;

A

FARCE,

BY

JOHN TILL ALLINGHAM.

ADAPTED FOR

Theatrical Representation:

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

AND THE

HAY-MARKET.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permission of the Managers.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

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JOHN TILL ALLINGHAM.

gentleman is said to be a native of
nd to have been brought up to the
of the law: the sock and the buskin,
being more congenial with his disposi-
juridical trammels, he solicited, and
ted at the bar of the court of Thalia,
as pleaded with success.

matic works are FORTUNE'S FROLIC,
A FARCE, THE MARRIAGE PROMISE,
GGINS, HEARTS OF OAK, THE WEA-
, and THE ROMANTIC LOVER.

FORTUNE'S FROLIC.

THIS piece was first performed at Covent Garden atre, on the 25th of May, 1799, for the benefit c Whitfield. Setting aside the improbability of the s though such a circumstance might occur—Fortune's abounds in originality of character; it is a lively a interesting performance. The first objection migh operated, in its being rejected at Covent Garden, af first appearance: a due attention to its intrinsic merit ever, ensured success, when revived at the Haymark Drury Lane Theatres, and the farce became a pul vourite, as it still continues.

Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY LANE.

	Men.
ROBIN ROUGHEAD, - -	Mr. Collins.
SNACKS, - - - -	Mr. Maddocks.
Mr. FRANK, - - -	Mr. Cooke.
RATTLE, - - - -	Mr Palmer.
CLOWN, - - - -	Mr Chippendal
SERVANT, - - -	Mr. Fisher.
VILLAGER, - - -	Mr. Webb.
	Women.
Miss NANCY, - - -	Miss B. Menage
DOLLY, - - -	Mrs. Harlow.
MARGERY, - - -	Mrs. Sparks.

HAYMARKET.

	Men.
ROBIN ROUGHEAD, - -	Mr. Fawcett.
SNACKS, - - - -	Mr. Davenport.
Mr. FRANK, - - -	Mr. Clarke.
RATTLE, - - -	Mr. Palmer.
CLOWN, - - -	Mr. Chippendal
SERVANT, - - -	Mr. Abbot.
VILLAGER, - - -	Mr. Lyons.
	Women.
Miss NANCY, - - -	Mrs. Edwards.
DOLLY, - - -	Mrs. Gibbs.
MARGERY, - - -	Mrs Davenport

FORTUNE'S FROLIC.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter Mr. FRANK.

FRANK.

To what humiliation has my bad fortune reduced me, when it brings me here an humble suppliant to my base oppressor!

SNACKS *(speaking as he enters).*

Sna. A letter for me by express! What can it be about? Something of great consequence from my Lord, I suppose.—Frank here! What the devil does he want?—Come a-begging tho', I dare say.

Fra. Good morning to you, Mr. Snacks.

Sna. Good morning *(coldly).*

Fra. I'm come, Sir, to——I say, S come to——

Sna. Well, Sir, I see you are come; a then? What are you come for, Sir?

Fra. The termination of the law-sui you have so long carried on against me to my entire inability to prosecute it any has thrown me into difficulties which I surmount without your kind assistance.

Sna. Very pretty, indeed! You are modest man, Mr. Frank; you've spent y shilling in quarrelling with me, and n want me to help you.

Fra. The farm called Hundred Acre present untenanted—I wish to rent it.

Sna. You wish to rent it, do you? A Sir, where's your money? And what know about farming?

Fra. I have studied agriculture; an care, have no doubt of being able to rent regularly.

Sna. But I have a great doubt about No, no, Sir; do you think I'm so unmi his Lordship's interest as to let his la poor novice like you? It won't do, Mr. I can't think of it——Good day, friend day. *(Shewing him the door.)*

Fra. My necessities, Sir——

Sna. I have nothing to do with your

ties, Sir,; I have other business——Good day ——There's the door.

Fra. Unfeeling wretch!

Sna. What!

Fra. But what could I expect? Think not, thou sordid man, 'tis for myself I sue—My wife, my children—'tis for them I ask your aid, or else my pride had never stoop'd so low: my honest poverty is no disgrace: your ill-gotten gold gives you no advantage over me; for I had rather feel my heart beat freely, as it does now, than know that I possess'd your wealth, and load it with the crimes entail'd upon it. [*Exit.*

Sna. A mighty fine speech, truly! I think I'll try if I can't lower your tone a little, my fine blustering fellow: I'll have you laid by the heels before night for this. Proud as you are, you'll have time to reflect in a jail, and bring down your spirit a little. But, come, let me see what my letter says. What a deal of time I've lost with that beggar! *(Reads)*

'Sir, this is to inform you that my Lord Lack-'wit died——an heir to his estate——his Lord-'ship never acknowledged her as his wife—— 'son called Robin Roughead——Robin is the 'legal heir to the estate——to put him in im-'mediate possession, according to his Lordship's 'last will and testament.

'Yours to command,

'KIT CODICIL, Att^{y} at Law.'

Here's a catastrophé! Robin Roughead a Lord! My stewardship has done pretty well for me already; but I think I shall make it do better now. I know this Robin very well; he's devilish cunning, I'm afraid; but I'll tickle him. Ah, he shall marry my daughter—then I can do as I please. To be sure, I have given my promise to Rattle; but what of that? it won't stand; he has'nt got it under my hand. I think I had better tell Robin this news at once; it will make him mad,——and then I shall do as I please with him. Ay, ay, I'll go. How unfortunate that I did not make friends with him before! He has no great reason to like me; I never gave him any thing but hard words.—— (Rattle *sings without.*) Confound it! here's that fellow Rattle coming; he has got so much Cockney impudence about him, I fear I never shall be able to outlie him.

Enter RATTLE.

Rat. Ah, my old Daddy! how are you?—— What! have you got the mumps—can't you speak?

Sna. I wish you had the mumps, and could not speak. What do you old daddy me for?

Rat. Why, father-in-law! curse me but you are most conceitedly crusty to-day; What's the

with you? why, you are as melancholy
ıe duck.
The matter is—that I am sick.
What's your disorder?
A surfeit: I've had too much of you.
Oh! you'll soon get the better of that;
ı I've married your daughter, curse me
ll trouble you much with my company!
But you hav'nt married her yet.
Oh, but I shall soon; I have got your
you know.
Can't remember any such thing.
No? Your memory's very short then.
A short memory's very convenient some-

And so is a short stick, and I've a great
› try the utility of it now. I tell you
snacks——I always thought you was a
old rascal, but now I'm sure of it: it's
ter, though: I'll marry your daughter
standing.
You will—will you?
Yes, Snacks, I will; for I love her. I
how the devil such a pretty girl ever
› have such a queer little shrivelled old
k as you for a father. Snacks, your wife
tainly made a cuckold of you; it could
lse. Oh, it's impossible!
What an impudent rascal it is!
But it signifies not who her father is;

Miss Nancy is fair and lovely, and I'll marry her. Let me see—five thousand pounds you promised; yes, you shall give her that on the wedding-day. You have been a steward a long time; that sum must be a mere flea-bite to you.

Sna. I rather shink I shall never give her a farthing, if she marries such a paltry fellow as you.

Rat. Why look ye; I was born in the smoky city; I'm a lively spark, with a good deal of fire in me, and it is not a little matter that will put me out: where others sink I rise: and this opposition of yours will only serve to blow me into a blaze that will burn you up to a cinder. I'm up to your gossip; I'm not to be had.

Sna. No, nor my daughter's not to be had, Mr. Banker's Clerk; so I shan't waste any more time with you: go, and take in the flats in Lombard Street; it won't do here; and, d'ye mind, don't let me be troubled with you any more.

[*Exit.*

Rat. Flats in Lombard Street! that's a good one. No, they don't bite there, my old——Oh! what he has mizzled, has he? I fancy you'll find me the most troublesome blade you ever settled an account with, old Raise-rent. I'll astonish you, some how or other. I wonder what has changed him so!

Enter Miss NANCY.

ıy sweet little rural angel! How fares it
ou? You smile like a May morning.
ı. The pleasure of seeing you always
ı me——
. Indeed! give me a kiss then. I love
ell enough to marry you without a far-
: but I think I may as well have the five
ınd pounds, if it's only to tease old Long-

ı. Oh, you know you have his promise for

. Yes, but he says he has forgot all about
hough it was no longer ago than yester-
and he says I shan't have you.
ı. Does he indeed?
. Yes; but never mind that.
ı. I thought you said you loved me?
. And so I do, better than all the gold in
ard Street.
ı. Then why are you not sorry that my
won't give his consent?
. His consent! I have got yours and my
ınd I'll soon manage him. Don't you re-
er how I frighten'd him one night, when I
to visit you by stealth, drest like a ghost,
he thinks haunts the castle. Oh! I'll
hat to account. I know he's very super-
s, and easily frighten'd into any thing.

Come, let's take a walk, and plot how I, your knight-errant, shall deliver you from this haunted castle. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *A Corn-field.*

Robin Roughead *discovered binding up a Sheaf.*

Rob. Ah! work, work, work all day long, and no such thing as stopping a moment to rest! for there's old Snacks the steward, always upon the look-out; and if he sees one, slap he has it down in his book, and then there's six-pence gone, plump. *(Comes forward.)* I do hate that old chap, and that's the truth on't. Now, if I was lord of this place, I'd make one rule—— there should be no such thing as work; it should be one long holiday all the year round. Your great folks have strange whims in their heads, that's for sartin. I don't know what to make of 'un, not I. Now there's all yon great park there, kept for his Lordship to look at, and his Lordship has not seen it these twelve years—— Ah! if it was mine, I'd let all the villagers turn their cows in there, and it should not cost 'em a farthing; then, as the parson said last Sunday, I should be as rich as any in the land, for I should have the blessings of the poor. Dang

it! here comes Snacks. Now I shall get a fine jobation, I suppose.

Enter SNACKS, *bowing very obsequiously;* ROBIN *takes his hat off, and stands staring at him.*

Rob. I be main tir'd, Master Snacks; so I stopt to rest myself a little; I hope you'll excuse it.——I wonder what the dickens he's grinning at. *(Aside.)*

Sna. Excuse it! I hope your Lordship's infinite goodness and condescension will excuse your Lordship's most obsequious, devoted, and very humble servant Timothy Snacks, who is come into the presence of your Lordship, for the purpose of informing your Lordship——

Rob. Lordship! he, he, he! Ecod! I never knew as I had a hump before. Why, Master Snacks, you grow funny in your old age.

Sna. No, my Lord, I know my duty better; I should never think of being funny with a Lord.

Rob. What Lord? Oh, you mean the Lord Harry, I suppose. No, no, must not be too funny with him, or he'll be after playing the very devil with you.

Sna. I say I should never think of jesting with a person of your Lordship's dignified character.

Rob. Did—dig—What? Why, now I look at you, I see how it is: you are mad. I wonder

what quarter the moon's in. Lord! how your eyes roll! I never saw you so before.——How came they to let you out alone?

Sna. Your Lordship is most graciously pleased to be facetious.

Rob. Why, what gammon are you at?——Don't come near me, for you have been bit by a mad dog; I'm sure you have.

Sna. If your lordship will be so kind as to read this letter, it would convince your Lordship——Will your Lordship condescend?

Rob. Why, I would condescend, but for a few reasons, and one of 'em is, that I can't read.

Sna. I think your Lordship is perfectly right; for these pursuits are too low for one of your lordship's nobility.

Rob. Lordship, and Lordship again! I'll tell you what, Master Snacks——let's have no more of your fun, for I won't stand it any longer, for all you be steward here: my name's Robin Roughead, and if you don't chuse to call me by that name, I shan't answer you, that's flat.——*(Aside.)* I don't like him well enough to stand his jokes.

Sna. Why then, Master Robin, be so kind as to attend whilst I read this letter. *(Reads)*

'Sir, this is to inform you, that my Lord 'Lackwit died this morning, after a very short 'illness; during which he declared that he had 'been married, and had an heir to his estate;

the woman he married was commonly called, or known by the name of Roughead: she was poor and illiterate, and, through motives of shame, his Lordship never acknowledged her as his wife: she has been dead some time since, and left behind her a son called Robin Roughead: now this said Robin is the legal heir to the estate. I have therefore sent you the necessary writings to put him into immediate possession, according to his Lordship's last will and testament.

'Yours to command,

'KIT CODICIL, Att^y at Law.'

Rob. What!——What all mine? the houses, he trees, the fields, the hedges, the ditches, the ates, the horses, the dogs, the cats, the cocks nd the hens, and the cows and the bulls, and he pigs, and the——What! are they all mine? nd I, Robin Roughead, am the rightful lord of ll this estate!—Don't keep me a minute now, ut tell me it is so—Make haste, tell me—— uick, quick!

Sna. I repeat it, the whole estate is yours.

Rob. Huzza! Huzza! *(Catches off* Snacks's *at and wig.)* Set the bells a ringing; set the le a running; make every body drunk——if here's a sober man to be found any where today, he shall be put in the stocks. Go, get my at full of guineas to make a scramble with;

call all the tenants together. I'll lower the rents——I'll——

Sna. I hope your Lordship will do me the favour to——

Rob. Why, that may be as it happens; I can't tell. *(Carelessly.)*

Sna. Will your Lordship dine at the Castle to-day?

Rob. Yes.

Sna. What would your Lordship choose for dinner?

Rob. Beef-steaks and onions, and plenty of 'em.

Sna. (*Aside.*) Beef-steaks and onions! What a dish for a Lord!——He'll be a savoury bit for my daughter, though.

Rob. What are you at there, Snacks? Go, get me the guineas—make haste; I'll have the scramble, and then I'll go to Dolly, and tell her the news.

Sna. Dolly! Pray, my Lord, who's Dolly?

Rob. Why, Dolly is to be my Lady, and your mistress, if I find you honest enough to keep you in my employ.

Sna. He rather smokes me.——I have a beauteous daughter, who is allow'd to be the very pink of perfection.

Rob. Damn your daughter! I have got something else to think of: don't talk to me of your daughter; stir your stumps, and get the money.

Sna. I am your Lordship's most obsequious ——Zounds! what a peer of the realm. (*Aside.*) [*Exit.*

Rob. Ha! ha! ha! What work I will make in the village!——Work! no, there shall be no such thing as work; it shall be all play.—— Where shall I go? I'll go to—No, I won't go there; I'll go to Farmer Hedgestake's, and tell him—No, I'll not go there; I'll go to—Damn it, I'll go no where; yes, I will; I'll go every where; I'll be neither here, nor there, nor any where else. How pleas'd Dolly will be when she hears——

Enter Villagers, shouting.

Dick, Tom, Jack, how are you, my lads?—— Here's news for you! Come, stand round, make a ring, and I'll make a bit of a speech to you. (*They all get round him.*) First of all, I suppose Snacks has told you that I'm your landlord.

Vil. We are all glad of it.

Rob. So am I; and I'll make you all happy: I'll lower all your rents.

All. Huzza! Long live Lord Robin!

Rob. You shan't pay no rent at all.

All. Huzza! Huzza! Long live Lord Robin!

Rob. I'll have no poor people in the parish, or I'll make 'em all rich; I'll have no widows, or I'll marry e'm all. (*Women shout.*) I'll have

no orphan children; for I'll father 'em all myself; and if that's not doing as a lord should do, then I say I know nothing about the matter—that's all.

All. Huzza! Huzza!

Enter SNACKS.

Sna. I have brought your Lordship the money.—He means to make 'em fly, so I've taken care the guineas shall be all light. (*Aside.*)

Rob. Now then, young and old, great and small, little and tall, merry men all, here's among you—(*Throws the money; they scramble.*) Now you've got your pockets fill'd, come to the Castle, and I'll fill all your bellies for you.

[*Villagers carry him off shouting;* Snacks *follows.*

SCENE III. *Inside of a neat Cottage; Table spread for Dinner.*

MARGERY *and* DOLLY *discovered.*

Dol. There, now, dinner's all ready, and I wish Robin would come. Do you think I may take up the dumplings, mother?

Mar. Ay, ay, take 'em up; I warrant him he'll soon be here——he's always in pudding-time.

Dol. And well he may, for I'm sure you keep sharp set enough.

Mar. Hold your tongue, you baggage! He s me but five shillings a week for board, ging, and washing—I suppose he's not to be t like a lord for that, is he? I wonder how 'll keep him when you get married, as you of?

Dol. Oh, we shall contrive to make both ends t! and we shall do very well I dare say; for bin loves me, and I loves Robin dearly.

Mar. Yes; but all your love won't keep the boiling, and Robin's as poor as Job.

Dol. La, now, mother, don't be so cross!—— dear, the dinner will get cold, and the aplings will be quite spoil'd; I wish Robin ld come. (Robin *sings without.*) Oh, here comes, in one of his merry humours.

er ROBIN; *he cools himself with his hat, then sings and dances.*

ay, Robin, what's the matter with you?

Rob. What! you hav'n't heard then? Oh, glad of that! for I shall have the fun of ing you.

Dol. Well, sit down then, and eat your din-; I have made you some nice hard dump-gs.

Rob. Dumplings! Damn dumplings.

Dol. Damn dumplings——La, mother, he damns dumplings.—Oh, what a shame! Do you know what you are saying, Robin?

Rob. Never talk to me of dumplings.

Mar. But I'll talk of dumplings though indeed. I shoudn't have thought of such behaviour: dumplings are very wholesome food, quite good enough for you, I'm sure.

(*Very angry.*)

Rob. Are they, mother Margery? (*Upsets the table, and dances on the plates, &c. and sings.*) Tol de rol lol.

Mar. Oh dear! the boy's mad; there's all my crockery gone! (*Picking up the pieces.*)

Dol. (*Crying.*) I did not think you could have us'd us so; I'm quite asham'd of you, Robin!

Rob. Now doantye cry now, Dolly; doantye cry.

Dol. I will cry, for you behave very ill.

Rob. No, doantye, Dolly, doantye, now.—— (*Shews a purse.*)

Dol. How did you come by that, Robin?

Mar. What, a purse of gold! let me see.— (*Snatches it, and sits down to count the money.*)

Dol. What have you been about, Robin?

Rob. No, I have not been about robbing; I have been about being made a Lord of, that's all.

Dol. What are you talking about? Your head's turn'd, I'm sure.

Rob. Well, I know it's turn'd; it's turn'd from a clown's head to a Lord's. I say, Dolly, how should you like to live in that nice place at the top o' the hill, yonder?

Dol. Oh, I should like it very much, Robin; it's a nice cottage.

Rob. Doan't talk to me of cottages, I mean the Castle.

Dol. Why, what is your head running upon?

Mar. Every one golden guineas, as I'm a vartuous woman; Where did you get 'em, Robin?

Rob. Why, where there's more to be had.

Mar. Ay, I always said Robin was a clever lad. I'll go and put these by. [*Exit.*

Dol. Now, do tell me what you've been about. Where did you find all that money?

Rob. Dolly, Dolly, gee'us a buss, and I'll tell thee all about it.

Dol. Twenty, an' you pleasen, Robin.

Rob. First then, you must know that I'm the cleverest fellow in all these parts.

Dol. Well, I know'd that afore.

Rob. But I'll tell you how it is—it's because I'm the richest fellow in all these parts; and if I hav'nt it here, I have it here—*(pointing to his head and his pocket)*. That Castle's mine, and all these fields, up to the very sky.

Dol. No, no; come, Robin; that won't do.

Rob. Won't it?—I think it will do very well.

Dol. No, no; you are running your rigs—— I know you are, Robin.

Rob. It's all true, Dolly, as sure as the devil's in Lunnun.

Dol. What! are you in right down arnest?

Rob. Yes, I am—his Lordship's dead, and he has left word as how that my mother was his wife, and I his son.

Dol. What!

Rob. Yes, Dolly, and you shall be my Lady.

Dol. No! Shall I?

Rob. Yes, you shall.

Dol. Ecod, that will be fine fun—my Lady—

Rob. Now what do you think on't?

Dol. My Lady—Lady Roughead——

Rob. Why, Dolly!

Dol. Lady Roughead! How it sounds!—— Ha! ha! ha! (*Laughs immoderately.*)

Rob. 'Gad, I believe she's going into a high strike—Dolly! Dolly! (*Slapping her hands.*)

Dol. Ha! ha! ha!

Rob. Doantye laugh so; I don't half like it. (*Shakes her.*) Dolly!

Dol. Oh, my dear Robin, I can't help laughing to think of Lady Roughead.

Rob. The wench will go beside herself to a sartainty.

Dol. But now is it true in arnest?

Rob. Ay, as sure as you are there. But come, what shall we do? where shall we go?

Oh! we'll go and see old mother Dickens; you know she took my part, and was very kind to me when poor mother died; and now she's very ill, and I'll go and give her something to comfort her old soul. Lord! Lord! I have heard people say as riches won't make a body happy; but while it gives me the power of doing so much good, I'm sure I shall be the happiest dog alive. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Road to the Castle.*

Enter Mr. FRANK.

FRANK.

WELL, then, to the house of woe I must return again. And can I take no comfort with me? nothing to cheer my loving wife and helpless children? What misery to see them want!

ROBIN *enters, unobserved by* FRANK.

Rob. Want! No, there shall be no such thing as want where I am—Who talks of want?

Fra. My own distress I could bear well, very well; but to see my helpless innocents enduring all the woes poverty brings with it, is more than I can bear.

Rob. And more than I can bear too. (*Throws his hat upon the ground, and takes money out of his pocket, which he throws into it.*)

Fra. To-day I almost fear they have not tasted food.

Rob. And I ha' been stuffing my damn'd guts enough to make 'em burst. (*Drops more money into his hat.*)

Fra. How happy once my state! Where'er I turned my eyes good fortune smiled upon me; then, did the poor e'er tell a tale of woe without relief? Were not my doors open to the unfortunate?

Rob. How glad I be as I be—a lord.

Fra. How different now! I am myself a beggar, thrust from every door.

Rob. Dang it, I can't stand this. (*Drops more money.*)

Fra. No arms are open to receive me,——no hands stretched out for my relief.

Rob. (*advancing.*) And if my hands don't stretch themselves out to thee, I wish they may rot off. Hey, what? Yes it is; it's Mr. Frank. Lord, Sir, I'm very glad as I met with you.

Fra. Why so, my friend?

Rob. Because you be mortal poor, and I be

mortal rich; and I'll share my last farthing with you.

Fra. Thank you, my kind lad. But what reason have you?

Rob. What reason have I? Why, you gave me when I wanted it.

Fra. I can't remember.

Rob. Mayhap not; but that's no reason as I should forget it; it's a long time ago, too; but it made such a mark here, that time won't rub it out. It's now fourteen years sin poor mother died; she was very ill one day when you happen'd to come by our cottage, and saw me stand blubbering at the door; I was then about this high. You took me by the hand; and I shall never forget the look you gave me, when you ax'd me what was the matter with me; and when I told you, you call'd me a good lad, and went in and talk'd to mother. From that time you came to see her ev'ry day, and gave her all the help as you could; and when she died, poor soul! you buried her: and if ever I forget such kindness, I hope good luck will for ever forget me!

Fra. Tell me your name; it will remind me.

Rob. Robin Roughead, your honour; to-day I be come to be Lord of all this estate; and the first good I find of it is, that I am able to make you happy—(*Stuffing the money into his pockets*), Come up to the Castle, and I'll give you as

n money as you can carry away in a
a. Proud wealth, look here for an e
My generous heart, how shall I t
?

Rob. Lord! Lord! doan't think of tha
man for paying his debts. Besides, i
ly know'd how I feel all o'er me—it's a
a——I cou'd cry for joy.

Fra. What sympathy is in that hones
om! But how has this good fortune co
you?

Rob. Why, that poor woman as you b
was wife to his Lordship: he has own'd
his death bed, and left word as I'm his so

Fra. How strange are the vicissitudes o

Rob. Now, Sir, I am but a simple lad
body may say; and if you will but be sc
as to help me with your advice, I shall
very kind of you, Sir.

Fra. I thank you for the good opi
have of me; and as far as my poor abi
they shall be at your service.

Rob. Thank ye, Sir, thank ye!
what bad luck made you so devilish p

Fra. It would take a long time t
the story of my misfortunes; but I o
the oppression of Mr. Snacks, the st

Rob. Snacks! Oh, damn'un! I'll
soon: he's rotten here, Master F
think as how he's a damn'd old rog

a. Judge not too harshly.
b. Come, Sir, will you go up to the Castle?
a. Excuse me; the relief which you have nerously given me, enables me to return to amily.
b. Well, but you'll come back?
a. To-morrow.
b. No—to-night——Doo'e favour me; I to speak to you.
a. I have a long way to walk, and it will ery late before I can return; but I will re- you nothing.
b. Thank ye, Sir; you're very kind! I l stay till you come, if it's all night.
a. Adieu! May heaven grant me ability, time or other, to repay your kindness.
b. There's no occasion, I don't want to be . But come, Sir, I'll see you as far as yon , and then I must return to my friends at Castle. [*Exeunt.*

Enter RATTLE.

at. Well, every thing's prepar'd for my at- on the Castle to-night; and I don't much but I shall find means to terrify the enemy, make him surrender at discretion——Yes, Master Snacks, I shall soon be with you. *uting, music, and ringing of bells, without.*) at a damn'd racket here is in the village to-

y!—I wonder what it's all about? (R
osses.) Holloa, there! Stop, my fine fel
ray, can you tell me what all this upro
bout in the village?

Rob. Why, you be Master Rattle from I
un.

Rat. Well, I don't want to be told that.

Rob. Gee us your hand, Rattle; thou b
a damn'd honest fellow, and I like thee;
indeed.

Rat. Very familiar, upon my word.

Rob. I lik'd you ever sin you let old To
have the three pounds to pay his rent w
and now whilst I think on't, here 'tis again
take it, for I won't let any body give away
ney here but myself.

Rat. Why, what, in the name of wond
all this? What are you at? I think I'l
a shop here for the sale of bad debts.

Rob. Here, take the money.

Rat. Put it up, my fine fellow! you'
it, perhaps.

Rob. Me want money! Shall I lend
odd thousand, and set you up in a shop

Rat. Why, who the devil are you?

Rob. Why, doan't ye know? I be

Rat. Robin are you? Egad, I think
like a goldfinch.

Rob. Very well, Rattle, that's a go

t. Why, curse me if I am up to you, Mas-obin; you are queering me, I believe.
b. Well, I shall be glad to see thee at the le, Rattle. You see I'm not asham'd of ld acquaintance, as some folks are.
t. Not asham'd of his old acquaintance! , what do you mean?
b. I can't stop to talk to you any longer— l by, Rattle; thou bee'st an honest fellow, I shall be glad to see thee at the Castle.
[*Exit.*
t. I declare I'm quite dumb-founder'd.— have I liv'd all my days in Lombard Street, his—to be humbug'd by a clown? *(Laugh-music, ringing of bells, &c. without.)* I be- the people are all mad to-day; I can't s what they're at. *(A Clown crosses in a t hurry.)* Here, here, Hob! I want to k with you.
own. You mun meak heast, then, for I be g to dine wi' my Lord, and I shall be too

at. Wheugh! What, are you drunk?
own. Noa, noa, but I soon shall be, I take or there's plenty o' yeale to be gotten.
at. Plenty o' yale to be gotten, is there?
own. Ees, I shall have a rare swig at it.
at. Pray, my fine fellow, can you tell me t the bells are ringing for?
own. Ees, to be sure I con.

Rat. Well, what is it?

Clown. Why, it's bekeas,—I'll tell thee.—— *(Gets round.)* Dinner will all get yeaten up whilst I stond here talking wi' you. *(Runs off—* Rattle *runs after him, and brings him back.)*

Rat. You are a very communicative young fellow, indeed——I have learnt one thing from you however——that there's plenty of eating and drinking going on; so, I'll try if I can't be in at the death. Now, start fair, and the devil take the hindmost. *(They run off.)*

Scene II.

A Hall in the Castle. A Door leading to an inner Apartment.

Snacks *(speaking as he enters).*

Sna. Tell her to come this way. A young woman wanting Robin!——This must be his sweetheart, Dolly, that he talks so much about; they must not come together; if they do, it will knock up all my plan.——What shall I do with her? If I could but get her into this room, he'd be safe enough——here she is. *(Enter* Dolly *and* Margery.) Are you the young woman that wanted to speak with his Lordship?

Dol. Yes, Sir.

Sna. And pray what might you want with him?

lar. She wants to settle some matters of her with him.

ol. Yes, that's all, Sir.

ia. I dare say? But I must know what e matters are.

rgery *feels herself of great importance, and particularly noisy through the whole of this ene.* Snacks *is alarmed lest* Robin *should ar her.*)

ar. Such matters as consarn nobody but iselves, and you must not meddle with them.

ia. Curse that old devil, what a tongue she I shall never be able to manage her. *(To* y.) You can't see his Lordship, he's enga-

ol. Yes, I know his Lordship's engaged, for romised me a long while ago.

a. Oh, then you are the poor unfortunate g woman, that——

ar. (*Very angry.*) No, Sir; she is the y young woman that is to be My Lady; I'd have you to know that I'm her mother.

a. Ah, poor soul! I pity her, I do indeed, the bottom of my heart.

ar. But she is not to be pitied; I shoudn't thought of that!——pity indeed!

a. Poor dear creature! it's a sad job, but it

can't be help'd: his Lordship is going to be married to-morrow to another woman.

Dol. What!

Sna. It's true indeed; I am very sorry.

Mar. And she is not to be My Lady, after all?

Sna. No, poor Girl!

Dol. And Robin has quite forgot me! (*Crying.*) Oh dear, oh dear!——I was afraid how it would be when he came to be a Lord——and has he quite forgot me?

Sna. Yes, he told me to tell you that he has done with you.

Mar. (*Very noisy.*) But I have not done with him though——pretty work indeed; but I'll ring a peal in his ears, that shall bring him to his senses, I warrant; I'll teach him to use my daughter ill——he's a rogue, a rascal, a scapegallows, a vagabond; I'll find him out——I'll——

Sna. (*Trying to appease her.*) Hush! hush!

Mar. I'll raise the dead, I will.

Sna. Be cool, be cool!——Robin will certainly hear this old bell-weather, and I shall be blown. (*Aside.*)

Mar. I'll make him down of his knees, I will; I'd have him to know that, though he is a Lord, he shall remember his promise; I'll play the very devil with him, if I can find him. I'm in such a passion, I could tear his eyes out: oh, if I can but see him! (*Going*, Snacks *stops her.*)

Sna. Here, here; stop, stop——I'll go and

bring him to you.——Curse her old throat! (*Aside.*) Only just walk in here a moment, I'll talk to him myself; I will indeed: perhaps I shall bring him round, my dear.

Dol. Thank ye, Sir; tell him I'll kill myself if he does'nt marry me. (*Goes in.*

Mar. And tell him I'll kill him if he does'nt marry her. (*Goes in.*

Sna. (*Locks the door.*) Well, they are safe for the present——I wish they were out of the house though. If I can but bring this marriage to bear, I'm a made man. I have been very careful of the old Lord's money, and I should like to take care of a little of the young Lord's money: if I can but marry the girl and him, I'll soon double the £26,000 I have in the 5 per cents, sacked from my old master.

RATTLE (*without*) *in a hollow voice.*

Rat. Villainous robber!

Sna. O Lord! what's that?——(*Pauses.*)——It has put me in such a fright;——that ghost's abroad again——What else could it be? I am afraid to open my eyes for fear he should stare me in the face: I confess I've been a rogue, but it's never too late to mend. Say no more, and I'll make amends; indeed I will. (*Gets near the door.*)——Upon my soul I will——upon the word of an honest man I will. (*Sneaks off.*

Enter RATTLE.

Rat. Ha! ha! ha! I think I gave his conience a kick there; £26,000 in the 5 per cents —let me remember that——I'm up to your cks, Mr. Snacks; but you sha'nt carry on your heme much longer, if I have any skill——If I n't quicken your memory a little, I'll give er conjuring, and set up a chandler's shop. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

handsome apartment in the Castle——a table, with wines, &c.

ROBIN *and* SNACKS *discovered.*

Rob. (*Rather tipsy.*) Well, Snacks, this is very good stuff. I don't know as ever I drank ny before; what do you call this, Snacks?

Sna. Port wine, an't please your Lordship.

Rob. Yes, Port wine, pleases his Lordship—— wonder where this comes from!——Oh! from he Red Sea, I suppose.

Sna. No, my Lord: there's plenty of spirits here, but no wine, I believe.

Rob. Well, one more thing full; only one, because you know, now I am a Lord, I must not

make a beast of myself——that's not like a noble man, you know.

Sna. Your Lordship must do as your Lordship pleases.

Rob. Must I? then give us t'other sup.

Sna. I think his Lordship is getting rather forward——I'll bring my daughter up on the carpet presently.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Please you, Master Snacks, here's John the carter, says he's so lame he can't walk, and he hopes you'll let him have a poney to-morrow, to ride by the waggon-

Sna. Can't walk, can't he?——lame, is he?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Sna. And what does he mean by being lame at this busy time?——tell him he must walk; it's my will.

Rob. You, Sir, bring me John's whip, will you? (*Exit* Servant.) That's right, Snacks: damn the fellow, what business has he to be lame?

Sna. Oh, please your Lordship, it's as much as I can do to keep these fellows in order.

Rob. Oh! they are sad dogs——not walk, indeed! I never heard of such impudence.

Sna. Oh, shameful, shameful! if I was behind him, I'd make him walk.

Enter SERVANT *with a whip, which he* ROBIN

Rob. Come, Snacks, dance me a hor
Sna. What?
Rob. A hornpipe.
Sna. A hornpipe!——I can't dance, n
Rob. Come, none of your nonsense; you can dance; why, you was made for ——there's a leg and foot——Come, be
Sna. Here's no music.
Rob. Isn't there? then I'll soon mal ——Look'ee, here's my fiddlestick; h like it?——Come, Snacks, you must da my will.
Sna. Indeed I'm not able.
Rob. Not able! Oh, shameful, sh Come, come, you must dance; it's (*Whips him.*)
Sna. Must I?——Then here goes— *about.*)
Rob. What, d'ye call that dancing Lord? Come, quicker, quicker—— Snacks *round the stage, who roars out.)* that will do; now go and order John th the poney—will you?
Sna. What a cunning dog it is!—— to me now, but I think I shall be down u by and by——(*Aside.*)

Rob. Ha! ah! ah! how he hopp'd about and halloo'd——but I'll work him a little more yet.

Re-enter SNACKS.

Well, Snacks, what d'ye think of your dancing master?

Sna. I hope your Lordship won't give me any more lessons at present; for, to say the truth I don't much like the accompaniment.

Rob. You must have a lesson every day, or you'll forget the step.

Sna. No:—your Lordship has taken care that I sha'nt forget it for some time.

Rob. I can't think where Dolly is; I told her to come to me.

Sna. Oh, don't think of her.

Rob. Not think of her!——why, pray?

Sna. Oh, she's a———

Rob. A what?——Take care, or I shall make you dance another hornpipe.

Sna. I only mean to say, that she's too low for your Lordship.

Rob. Too low! why, what was I just now?—If I thought riches would make me such a rascal as to use the poor girl ill—a fig for 'em all; I'd give 'em up, and be plain Robin, honest Robin again. No:——I've given Dolly my promise, and I'll never break it.

Sna. My daughter's very beautiful.

Rob. Dang it, you talk a great deal:——come, we'll go and have a look at her. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A chamber, with a picture hanging over a closet door.

Enter Rattle *and Miss* Nancy.

Rat. Well, you see I've gained admission, notwithstanding your father's order to the contrary.

Nan. Yes; but how do you mean to get his consent to——

Rat. Why, as to his consent, I don't value it a button: but then £5000 is a sum not to be sneezed at. I have given the old boy a bit of a hint to-night that he didn't much relish.

Nan. I expect my father here every minute, with his new made Lordship.

Rat. Indeed! then only hide me in this room, and the business is done.

Nan. That I will, where nobody can find you, I'm sure;——I have a closet behind this picture of the old Lord, made, I believe, to hide the family plate and jewels in; but it's quite forgotten now. (*Opens it.*)

Rat. Oh, it was made on purpose for me:

ll put a jewel into it presently—-Here (*gives u paper*)—let this lie carelessly on the table; it's orth £5000.

(SNACKS *without.*)

Sna. This way, this way, my Lord·

Rat. O, damn it! here they come; tell him u've been frighten'd by a ghost; and if he gns the paper, give a loud cough. (*Puts the per on the table, and exit into the closet.*)

Enter SNACKS *and* ROBIN.

Sna. There, there she is—is'nt she a beauty? What do you say now?

Rob. Why, I say she is not fit to hold a candle to my Dolly.

Nan. Pretty courtship indeed.

Sna. Ah, you'll alter your mind soon; I know u will. Come, let's sit down and talk of it. (*They sit.*)

Nan. (*To* Snacks.) Oh, my dear Sir, I've been frighten'd——Do you know I think I've seen the very ghost that alarm'd you so once.

Sna. A what? a ghost?——O Lord, I hope not. I hate the very sight of 'em:——It's very odd; but——(*starting*)——did'nt I hear a noise?

Nan. Oh, Sir, that's a very common thing in

this part of the Castle; I have been mc
bly frighten'd lately.

Rob. Why, what frighten'd you?—
all good people here; they won't hurt
will they, Snacks?

Sna. No, no—they—that is—(*alarme*

RATTLE (*from behind*).

Rat. Hear!

Rob. What?

Rat. Hear!

Sna. Lord ha' mercy upon me? (*On h*

Rat. Offspring of mine, listen not to
vice of that wretch.

Rob. I doan't intend it.

Rat. He'll betray you; your intend
he has imprison'd in the yellow chamb
set her at liberty.

Rob. What! my Dolly?—has he im
her in the yellow chamber?—Oh, dang
head! (*Knocks* Snacks *down, and exit.*)

Rat. Wretch! restore your ill-gotten
£26000 in the 5 per cents.

Sna. I'll do any thing that you comm

Rat, Sign the paper before you.

(Snacks *signs the paper*—Nancy *coughs-
jumps out of the closet, and takes the pap*

Rat. How do you do? how are you?

Sna. Give me the paper.

Rat. Not a word—— £36000 in the 5 per cents.——Now, dear Nancy, you are mine, and 5000l.

Sna. You to rebel against me too, you baggage.

MARGERY *without.*

Mar. Only let me catch hold of him, I'll give it him—an old, abominable—(*she enters.*)—Oh, you are there, are you?—You wicked wretch!—let me get at him—(*Runs after* Snacks, *and beats him.*)—A pretty pack of lies you have told; you old ragamuffin, you.

Enter ROBIN *and* DOLLY.

Rob. What! are you there, Rattle?

Rat. Yes, I'm the ghost—Hear!

Rob. Why, you frighted Old Honesty a little.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Please you, Master Snacks, the bailiffs ha' gotten Master Frank, and ha' bringing him here.

Rob. What! the bailiffs got him?——Oh, you old rascal! (*To* Snacks.)——Let him come here in a moment! (*Exit* Servant.)——Oh, Snacks, I'm sorry for you; for I'm sure you

can't be happy:——a man as does so much harm, and so little good, never can be happy, I'm sure:——so I shall say no more to thee.

Enter Mr. FRANK.

I be very sorry as they us'd you so, Mr. Frank, but I coud'nt ——

Fra. I know your heart too well to think you could. My friend, Mr. Snacks there, only wished me to keep my promise of coming to the Castle to-night.

Rob. I have a great favour to ask of you, Mr. Frank: you see we've rather found Snacks out;—now, will you——dang it, will you take care of me, and come and live in the Castle with me, and give me your advice?——you know how I mean; like——teach me a bit, you know.

Fra. You are too generous: but I accept your proffered kindness; and, by my care and attention to your welfare, will repay a small part of the debt I owe you.

Rob. Now, then I am happy, with such a friend as Mr. Frank——Dolly, we shall know how to take care of ourselves and our neighbours——and I'll take care that poor folk shall bless the day as made me a Lord.

THE END.

WHO'S THE DUPE?

A

FARCE,

BY

MRS. COWLEY.

ADAPTED FOR

Theatrical Representation.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permission of the Managers.

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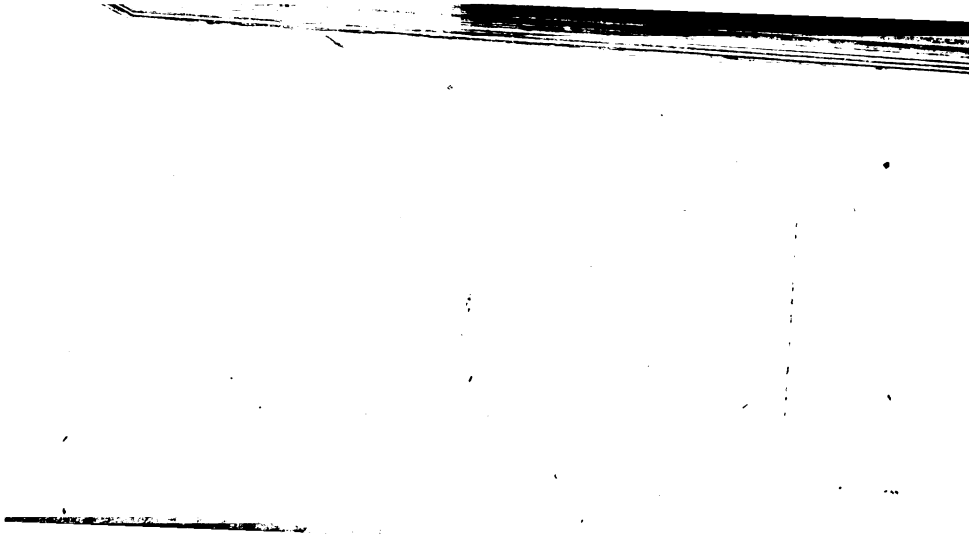
Mrs. COWLEY.

THIS lively writer was the daughter of Mr. Parkhouse, collaterally descended from the poet Gay; and who had been originally designed for the church; but, being disappointed in his hopes, commenced bookseller in Tiverton, the place of his nativity, where our author also was born; and having such opportunities for the cultivation of her mind, with the assistance of a father so well qualified, devoted the strong talents, with which she was naturally blessed, to the service of the Dramatic Muse. She married Mr. Cowley in 1772, and four Years afterwards produced for representation The Runaway, which was well received: her next production was Who's the Dupe? and Albina, a tragedy, 1779; The Belle's Stratagem, and The School for Eloquence, 1780; The World as it goes, 1781, altered to Second Thoughts are best; but both unsuccessful: Which is



PROLOGUE.

IN days of yore liv'd doughty knights,
Enchanters, 'squires, and valiant wights——
Scamp'ring o'er mountains, seas, and land,
Prompt——at their haughty fair's command.
Castles were raz'd, and giants kill'd,
Volcanoes sunk, or rivers fill'd:
No ravisher dar'd stalk the earth;
No faithless lover turn'd to mirth
The oaths his fondness once had swore——
Is he inconstant?——he's no more.

Rare times were these! yet some there were
Who even then against the fair,
Fearless of conj'rer, 'squire, or knight,
Could shew their teeth and vent their spight.
These were your learned men——your writers,
Whom no age ever mark'd for fighters;
But war with women *they could wage,*
And fill their bold, satyric page
*With pretty foibles——*ladies' *faults——*
Who still endure their rude assaults;
For even now it is the way,
In this our polish'd modern day,
On female follies to be witty,
From the court beauty to the city.

Those who can't rhyme, in weighty prose
Their whims *and* vanity *expose;*
In epigrams Sir Witling's folio
Makes of the sex a perfect olio——
Of noise, caprice, and pride, compos'd,
To ev'ry thing outré *dispos'd*
Whilst cards and dress, and studied airs,
More than good housewifery, or pray'rs,
Engross their time, their hearts, their cares.

Thus have they borne, from distant ages,
The lash of wit, the frown of sages——
Sure then 'tis fair one hour to give——
'Tis all she asks——a woman leave
To laugh at those same learned *men!*
The gall of whose sarcastic pen
By youth, and beauty, is supply'd,
Nor spares the matron, maid, nor bride.

If any from the musty halls,
Or the chill gloom of college walls,
To bask in pleasure's tempting ray,
Have, Phæton like, obtain'd a day,
And, thron'd in yonder circle, sit,
Deciding on the claims of wit——
Think not that you, *our author means,*
When thro' her saucy farcic scenes,
A pedant she has dar'd to scan
From Alma Mater——spick and span.

in her name, she bids me swear
are chief fav'rites of the fair——
've blood and spirits in your veins,
give—ge-he-up;—*to joy the reins*
i life's sweet surface, and pursue
flying blessings, still in view——
pleasure ever on the beat,
roasted SQUARE CAPS—*think a treat.*

Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY LANE.

	Men.
DOILEY,	Mr. Dowton.
SANDFORD,	Mr. Holland.
GRADUS,	Mr. Bannister.
GRANGER,	Mr. Decamp.
SERVANT,	Mr. Evans.
	Women.
ELIZABETH,	Miss Dormer.
CHARLOTTE,	Miss Mellon.

WHO'S THE DUPE?

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Park.*

Flower Girls, and several Persons passing.

First Girl.

I vow I han't had a customer to-day. Summer is coming, and we shall be ruin'd.—— When flowers are plenty, nobody will buy 'em.

2d Girl. Aye, very true——People talks of summer; but for my part, give me Christmas. In a hard frost, or a deep snow, who's drest without flowers and furs? Here's one of the captains.

Enter SANDFORD.

Flowers, Sir!

Sand. I have no silver.

2d Girl. Bless your honor! I'll take g
Sand. Indeed!
2d Girl. Here's hyacinths, and a sp
myrtle.
Sand. I'd rather have roses. What w
take for these? (*Pinching her cheek.*)
2d Girl. I can't sell them alone——t
and the roses must go together.

Enter GRANGER.

Sand. Ah! Granger, by all that's fort
I wrote to you last night in Devonshire
ten your return.
Grang. Then your letter and I jostle
other at two o'clock on this side Hounslo
My damn'd postilion—nodding, I suppos
the charms of some Greasalinda—run
the letter-cart, tore off my hind wheel,
was forced to mount his one-ey'd hack,
that curious equipage, arrived at thre
morning.
Sand. But how has the negociation wit
brother ended? Will he put you into a sit
to——
Grang. Yes, to take a sweating with th
toos. He'll speak to Sir Jacob Jaghire
me a commission in the East Indies——
'you know, every body grows rich there

'then, you know, you're a soldier, you can 'fight.' (*In a tone of mimicry.*)

Sand. Well, what answer did you give him?

Grang. Yes, Sir Bobby, I can fight (*mimicking*), but I can't grow rich upon the smell of gunpowder. Your true *East India* soldier is of a different genus from those who strew'd Minden with Frenchmen, and must have as great a fecundity of character as a Dutch Burgomaster. Whilst his sword is in his hand, his pen must be in his cockade: he must be as expert at fractions as at assaults: to day moving down ranks of soft beings, just risen from their embroidery; to-morrow selling pepper and beetle nut: this hour a son of Mars, striding over heaps of slain; the next an auctioneer, knocking down chintz and calico to the best bidder.

Sand. And thus your negociation ended?

Grang. Except that I was obliged to listen to some very wise dissertation about *running out*, as he calls it. 'Five thousand——enough for 'any younger son, but the Prodigal.' (*Mimicking*) Really, Sandford, I can't see how I can help it. Jack Spiller, to be sure, had nine hundred—the poor fellow was honest; but he married a fine lady, so died insolvent. I had a few more accidents of the same kind; my captaincy cost a thousand; and the necessary expences in America, with the distresses of my fellow soldiers, have swallowed the rest.

Sand. Poor Granger! So, with a spirit to do honor to five thousand a year, thou art not worth five shillings.

Grang. *C'est vrai.* Should my affairs with Elizabeth be cross'd, I am the most undone dog on earth.

Sand. Now tell me honestly, is it Elizabeth or the fortune, which is your object?

Grang. Why look'e, Sandford; I am not one of those sighing milksops, who could live in a cottage on love, or sit contentedly under a hedge and help my wife to knit stockings; but on the word of a soldier, I had rather marry Elizabeth Doiley with ten thousand pounds, than any other woman on earth with a hundred.

Sand. And the woman must be very unreasonable, who would not be satisfied with such a distinction. But do you know that Elizabeth's father has taken the liberty to chuse a son-in-law without your permission?

Grang. Ha! a lover! That then is the secret she hinted, and which brought me so hastily to town. Who——what is he?

Sand. Every thing that you are not.

Grang. There is such a mixture of jest and earnest——

Sand. Upon my soul 'tis confoundedly serious. Since they became my neighbours in Suffolk, I am in the secrets of the whole family, and, for your sake, have cultivated an intimacy

braham Doiley, citizen and slop-seller.—
ord, the father consults me, the daughter
ains to me, and the cousin, fille-de-cham-
mps with me. Can my importance be
sed?

ng. My dear Sandford! [*Impatiently:*

d. My dear Granger! The sum total is
Old Doiley, bred, you know, in a charity-
, swears he'll have a man of LARNING for
n. His caprice makes him regardless of
ie; but Elizabeth's husband must have
at his fingers ends, and be able to teach
andsons to sputter in Greek.

ng. Oh! I'll study Hebrew, and write
in Chaldee, if that will content him:
may I perish, if all the pedants in Eng-
with the Universities to back 'em, shall
e of my Elizabeth!——See here——(*pro-*
a letter)——an invitation from her own
nand.——This morning——this very hour
n a moment I shall be at her feet—(*going*)
Go with me through the Park——Oh, no
cry you mercy——You walk, but I fly.
[*Exit.*

d. Propitious be your flight!——Egad!
are two fine girls——I'll try 'em——half
——the women dress so equivocally, that
in danger of attacking a countess, when
nly means to address a nymph of King's
. [*Exit.*

Doil. Pshaw! pshaw! *you* can't pertend for to judge of a man——all hypocrites and deceivers.

Miss Doil. Except Mr. Gradus.

Doil. Oh, he! He's very different from your men of breeding, I assure you——The most extraordinary youth that was ever turn'd out of college. None of your randans, up all night—not drinking and wenching——No—in his room—poring, and reading, and studying. Oh, the joy that I shall have in hearing him talk! I do love LARNING. I was grieved—grieved to the soul, Betty, when thou wert born. I had set my heart upon a boy; and if thou hadst been a boy, thou shouldst have had Greek, and algebra, and jometry enough for an archbishop.

Miss Doil. I am sorry——

Doil. No, no; don't be sorry; be obedient, and all will be as it should be. You know, I doat on you, you young slut. I left Eastcheap for Westminster, on purpose to please you.——Hav'nt I carried you to Bath, Brimmigem, and Warley-Common, and all the genteel places? I never grudge you no expence, nor no pleasure whatsomever.

Miss Doil. Indeed, Sir, you are most indulgent.

Doil. Well then, don't thwart me, Betty—don't go for to thwart me, that's all. Since you came into the world, and disappointed your fa-

of a son, 'tis your duty to give him a wife-*law*, to make up his loss.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

ar. Mrs. Taffety, the mantua-maker, is in dressing-room, ma'am.

il. Then send her away——she hasn't no now for Mrs. Taffety.

ss Doil. Aye, send her away, Charlotte—— t does she want? I did'nt send for her.

ar. Bless me——'tis the captain. [*Apart.*

ss Doil. Oh, heavens! (*Aside.*) Yes, I do mber——Aye, I did——I did send for her t the painted lutestring.

il. Bid her come again to-morrow, I say.

ar. Lord bless me, Sir; I dare say she can't again to-morrow. Such mantua-makers rs. Taffety won't wait half a dozen times on e——Why, Sir, she comes to her customers hair of her own; and her footman beats a at the door as if she was a countess.

il. A mantua-maker with her footman and ! O lud! O lud! I should as soon have ted a duchess in a wheel-barrow.

ss Doil. Pray, Sir, allow me just to step peak to her——It is the sweetest gown—— I'd give the world were you as much n'd with it as I am.

il. Coaxing slut! [*Exeunt Miss* D. *and*

Charlotte.]——Where the devil can Gradus be now?——Well, good fortune never comes in a hurry.——If I'd pitch'd upon your man of breeding, he'd have been here an hour ago—— sipp'd his jocklate, kiss'd Elizabeth's fingers, hopped into his carriage, and away to his wench, to divert her with charatures of the old fellow and his daughter. Oh! before I'd give my gains to one of these puppies, I'd spend 'em all in building hospitals for lazy lacquies and decay'd pimps. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *A Dressing Room.*

Miss DOILEY *and* GRANGER.

Miss Doil. A truce to your transports! Perhaps I am too much inclined to believe all you can swear——but this must be a moment of business. To secure me to yourself, are you willing to enter into measures that——

Grang. Any thing!—every thing! I'll have a chaise at the Park-gate in five minutes; and we'll be in Scotland, my Elizabeth, before your new lover has settled his address.

Miss Doil. Pho! pho! you're a mere bungler at contrivance; if you'll be guided by me, my father shall give me to you at St. James's Church, in the face of the world.

Grang. Indeed!

Miss Doil. Indeed.

Grang. I fear to trust to it, my angel! Beau- can work miracles with all mankind; but an bstinate father——

Miss Doil. It is *you* who must work the mira- le. I have settled the whole affair with my ousin, who has understanding and wit——and ou have only to be obedient.

Grang. I am perfectly obedient——Pray give ie my lesson.

Miss Doil. Why, luckily, you know my father as never seen you—he left Bath before you had ie sauciness——

Enter CHARLOTTE *with a bundle.*

Char. There! you're finely caught!—Here's our father and Mr. Gradus actually upon the airs, coming here.

Grang. Zounds! where's the closet?

Miss Doil. Oh, Lord! here's no closet——I hall faint with terror.

Grang. No back stairs? No clothes press?

Char. Neither, neither! But here——I'm our guardian angel—(*untying the bundle*)——I old 'em Mrs. Taffety was here; so, without ore ceremony, clap on these——speak broken nglish, and my life for it, you'll pass muster ith my uncle.

Grang. What! make a woman of me? By upiter——

ır commands on him——If
ve are ruin'd.
n, you shall, I protest. *Here*
on.
t) This way, Sir—come this w
e her by surprise——least prep
——(*pulling at the door*) Open the

Presently, Sir.
cking) What the dickens are you
? Open the door!
a moment——I'm only pinning my
vn——Lord bless me! you hurry
have made me prick my finger.——
v you may enter.

Enter DOILEY *and* GRADUS.

Oh! only my daughter's manitu-mi
ſranger *makes curtseys, and goes out*
y Charlotte.) Here, Elizabeth, this
r. Gradus I talk'd to you about. Bless
hope you a'n't ill——you look as white
ndle.
; *Doil.* No, Sir, not ill; but this wom
ætted me to death——she has spoil'd

il. Why then, make her pay for it, d
? It's my belief, if she was to pay for
poils, she'd soon drop her chair, and trudge

a foot. Mr. Gradus——beg pardon——this is my daughter——don't think the worse of her because she's a little dash'd, or so.

Grad. Bashfulness, Mr. Doiley, is the robe of modesty—and modesty, as hath been well observ'd, is a sunbeam of a diamond——giving force to its beauty, and exalting its lustre.

Doil. He was a deep one, I warrant him that said that——I remember something like it in the Wisdom of Solomon. Come, speak to Elizabeth there——I see she won't till you've broke the ice.

Grad. Madam!—(*bows*)—hem—permit me ——this honour—hem—believe me, lady, I have more satisfaction in beholding you, than I should have in conversing with Grævius and Gronovius; I had rather possess your approbation than that of the elder Scaliger; and this apartment is more precious to me than was the Lyceum Portico to the most zealous of the Peripatetics.

Doil. There! Shew me a man of breeding who could talk so! (*aside*)

Miss Doil. I believe all you have said to be very fine, Sir; but unfortunately, I don't know the gentlemen you mentioned. The education given to women shuts us entirely from such refined acquaintance.

Grad. Perfectly right, Madam, perfectly right. The more simple your education, the nearer you approach the pure manners of the

purest ages. The charms of women w
ver more powerful——never inspired su
chievements, as in those immortal periods
they could neither read nor write.

Doil. Not read nor write! zounds, what
was that for to bring up a daughter! A
peeress in those days did not cost so mu
barber's daughter in ours. Miss Friz mu
her dancing, her French, her tambour, he
sicholl, her jography, her stronomy——
her father, to support all this, lives upon
or, once in two years, calls his creditc
composition.

Grad. Oh, tempora mutantur! but thes
berances, Mr. Doiley, indigitate unbo
liberty.

Doil. Digitate or not——ifackens, if
dies would take my advice, they'd re
their distaffs, and grow notable——to dis
themselves from their shopkeeper's wive

Grad. Ah! it was at the loom, and
ning wheel, that the Lucretias and
the world imbibed their virtue; that
thers of the Gracchi, the Horatii, th
ni., caught that sacred flame with
inspired their sons, and with the mi
own pure bosoms gave them that fort
magnanimity, which made them conq
kings.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, here's a Lord! Lord Pharo!

Doil. Lord Pharo! hum, then the four aces run against him last night. Well, the ill-luck of some, and the fine taste of others, makes my money breed like rabbits. [*Aside.*

Serv. Sir——

Doil. Well, well, I'm coming——When a lord wants money, he'll wait as patiently as any body. Well, Mr. Gradus, I'm your humble servant. Elizabeth!——you understand me. [*Exit.*

Grad. How unlucky the old gentleman should be called away! Hem! (*addressing himself to speak to her*) There is something in her eye so sarcastic, I'd rather pronounce the *Terræ-filius*, than address her. Madam!——What can I say? Oh, now——that's fortunate (*pulling out some papers*) Hem! I will venture to request your ideas, Madam, on a little autographon, which I design for the world.

Miss Doil. Sir!

Grad. In which I have found a new chronometer, to prove that Confucius and Zoroaster were the same person;——and that the Pyramids are not so ancient, by two hundred years, as the world believes.

Miss Doil. To what purpose, Sir?

Grad. Purpose!——Purpose, Madam! Why,

really, Miss, our booksellers' shelves are loaded with volumes in the unfruitful road of sense and nature, and unless an author can glance himself from the common track, he stands as little chance to be known, as a comet in its aphelion. Pray, Ma'am, amuse yourself.

Miss Doil. O Lord, Sir! you may as well offer me a sheet of hieroglyphics——besides, I hate reading.

Grad. Hate reading!

Miss Doil. Ay, to be sure; what's reading good for, but to give a stiff embarrassed air? It makes a man move as if made by a carpenter, who had forgot to give him joints——(*observing him*) he twirls his hat, and bites his thumb, whilst his hearers, his *beholders*, I mean, are gaping for his wit.

Grad. The malicious creature! 'Tis my picture she has been drawing, and now 'tis more impossible for me to speak than ever.

Miss Doil. For my part,——for my part, if I was a man, I'd study only dancing and bonmots. With no other learning than these, he may be light and frolicksome as Lady Airy's ponies——but loaded with Greek, philosophy, and mathematics, he's as heavy and dull as a cart-horse.

Grad. Fœmina cum voce diaboli.

Miss Doil. Bless me, Sir! why are you silent? My father told me you was a lover——I never

saw such a lover in my life. By this time you should have said fifty brilliant things——found an hundred similes for my eyes, complexion and wit. Can your memory furnish you with nothing pat?——No poetry——no heroics? What subject did Portia's lovers entertain her with, while she sat spinning—aye?

Grad. The lovers of that age, Madam, were ignorant of frothy compliments. Instead of being gallant, they were brave; instead of flattery they studied virtue and wisdom. It was these, madam, that nerv'd the Roman arm; that empowered her to drag the nations of the world at her chariot wheels, and that raised to such an exalted height——

Miss Doil. That down she tumbled in the dust——and there I beg you'll leave her. Was ever any thing so monstrous! I ask for a compliment and you begin an oration——an oration on a parcel of stiff warriors, and formal pedants. Why, Sir, there is not one of these brave, wise, godlike men, but will appear as ridiculous in a modern assembly as a judge in his long wig and a maccaroni jacket.

Grad. Now I am dumb again. Oh, that I had you at Brazen-nose, Madam!——I could manage you there. [*Aside.*

Miss Doil. What! now your'e in the pouts, Sir? 'Tis mighty well. Bless us! what a life a wife must lead with such a being! for ever

talking sentences, or else in profound silence. No delightful nonsense, no sweet trifling. All must be solemn, wise, and grave. Hang me if I would not sooner marry the bust of Seneca, in bronze——then I should have all the gravity and coldness of wisdom, without its impertinence.

Grad. The impertinence of wisdom!—Surely, Madam, or I am much deceived, you possess a mind capable of————

Miss Doil. Now I see, by the twist of your chin, Sir, you are beginning another oration——but, I protest, I will never hear you speak again, till you have forsworn those tones, and that manner. Go, Sir——throw your books into the fire, turn your study into a dressing-room, hire a dancing-master, and grow agreeable. [*Exit.*

Grad. Plato! Aristotle! Zeno! I abjure ye. A girl bred in a nursery, in whose soul the sacred lamp of knowledge hath scarcely shed its faintest rays, hath vanquish'd, and struck dumb, the most faithful of your disciples. (*Enter* Charlotte) Here's another she-devil, I'd as soon encounter a she-wolf. (*Going*)

Char. Stay, Sir, pray, an instant! Lord bless me! am I such a scare-crow? I was never run from by a young man before in my life.

(*Pulls him back.*

Grad. I resolve henceforward to run from your whole sex——Youth and beauty are only other names for coquetry and affectation. Le

me go, Madam, *you* have beauty, and doubtless all that belongs to it.

Char. Lud! you've a mighty pretty, whimsical way of complimenting——Miss Doiley might have discerned something in you worth cherishing, in spite of that husk of scholarship.——To pass one's life with such a being, seems to me to be the very apex of human felicity. I found that word for him in a book of geometry this morning. [*Aside.*

Grad. Indeed!

Char. Positively. I have listen'd to your conversation, and I can't help being concerned that talents which ought to do you honour, should, by your mismanagement, be converted into downright ridicule.

Grad. This creature is of a genus quite different from the other. She has understanding! (*aside*) I begin to suspect, Madam, that though I have some knowledge, I have still *much* to learn.

Char. You have indeed——*knowledge*, as you manage it, is a downright *bore.*

Grad. Boar! What relation can there be between knowledge and a hog!

Char. Lord bless me! how ridiculous! You have spent your life in learning the dead languages, and ignorant of the living——Why, Sir, *bore* is all the *ton.*

Grad. Ton! ton! What may that be? It

cannot be orthology: I do not recollect its root in the parent languages.

Char. Ha! ha! ha! better and better. Why, Sir, *ton* means——*ton* is——Pho! what signifies where the root is? These kinds of words are the short hand of conversation, and convey whole sentences at once. All one likes is *ton*, and all one hates is *bore*.

Grad. And is that divine medium, which pourtrays our minds, and makes us *first* in the animal climax! is *speech* become so arbitrary, that——

Char. Divine medium! animal climax! (*contemptuously*) You know very well, the use of language is to express one's likes and dislikes——and a pig will do this as effectually by its squeak, or a hen with her cackle, as you with your Latin and Greek.

Grad. What can I say to you.

Char. Nothing;——but yield yourself to my guidance, and you shall conquer Miss Doiley.

Grad. Conquer *her!* she's so incased with ridicule, there is not a single vulnerable spot about her.

Char. Pshaw, pshaw! What becomes of *her* ridicule, when you have banish'd your absurdities? One can no more exist without the other, than the mundane system without air. There's a touch of my science for you. [*Aside.*

Grad. Madam, I'll take you for my Minerva

er me with your shield, and lead me to

Enough. In the first place, [*leading glass*] in the first place don't you think habited *à la mode d'amour?* Did you see a Cupid in a grizzle wig, curled as Sir Cloudsley Shovel's in the Abbey? dingy brown coat, with vellum button be sure, speaks an excellent taste: but ould advise you to lay it by in laven- your grandson's christening——and mbric enough in your ruffles to make

I perceive my error. The votaries of mence a new childhood; and dignity e as unbecoming in them, as a horn- Socrates——But habit is so strong, gain an empress, I could not assume eless air, that promptness of expres-

Then you may give up the pursuit of oiley——for such a wise piece of *up-* would stand as good a chance to be to the *coterie*, as her husband.

It is *Mr.* Doiley, who will——

Mr. Doiley! ridiculous!——Depend l let her marry just whom she will—— r. Gradus, says he——why, I don't care whether you marry him or no, says he

——there are fifty young fellows at Oxford, who can talk Greek as well as he——

Grad. Indeed!

Char. I have heard a good account of the young man, says he. But all I ask of you is, to receive two visits from him——no more than *two* visits. If you don't like him—so; if you do, I'll give you half my fortune on the day of marriage, and the rest at my death.

Grad. What a singularity! to limit me to *two* visits——*One* is already past, and she hates me——What can I expect from the other?

Char. Every thing. It is a *moment* that decides the fate of a lover. Now fancy me Miss Doiley——swear I'm a divinity——then take my hand, and press it——thus.

Grad. Heavens! her touch has thrill'd me.

Char. And if I should pout, and resent the liberty, make your apology on my lips. (Gradus *catches her in his arms, and kisses her*) So, so, you *have* fire, I perceive.

Grad. Can you give me any more lessons?

Char. Yes; but this is not the place. I have a friend——Mr. Sandford, whom you saw here last night——you shall dine with him: he will initiate you at once in the fashionable rage, and teach you to trifle agreeably. You shall be equipp'd from his wardrobe, to appear here in the evening a man of the world——Adieu to Grizzles, and——

Grad. But what will the father think of such a metamorphosis?

Char. Study your mistress *only*——your visit will be to *her*, and that visit decides your fate. Resolve then to take up your new character boldly——in all its strongest lines, or give up one of the richest heiresses in the kingdom.

Grad. My obligations, Madam ———

Char. Don't stay, now, to run the risk of meeting Mr. Doiley——for, if he should discover that you have disgusted his daughter, Sandford, the dinner, and the plot, will be worth no more than your gravity. Away, I'll meet you at Story's Gate to introduce you. [*Exit* Gradus.

Enter Miss DOILEY.

Miss Doil. Excellent Charlotte! you've outgone my expectation——did ever a woodcock run so blindly into a snare?

Char. Oh, that's the way of all your great scholars——take them but an inch out of their rood, and you may turn 'em inside out, as easily as your glove.

Miss Doil. Well, but have you seen Sandford?——Is every thing in train?——Will Gradus be hoodwink'd?

Char. Hoodwink'd! Why, don't you see he's already stark blind? or, if he *has* any eyes, I assure ye they are all for me.

Miss Doil. My heart palpitates with apprehension——we shall never succeed.

Char. Oh, I'll answer for the scholar, if you'll undertake the soldier. Mr. Sandford has engaged half a dozen of the *Savoir vivre;* all in high spirits at the idea of tricking old Leatherpurse——and they have sworn to exhaust wit and invention, to turn our Solon out of their hands a finish'd coxcomb.

Miss Doil. Blessing on their labours! My Granger is gone to study his rival; and will make I hope a tolerable copy. Now follow Gradus, my dear Charlotte, and take care they give him just champagne enough to *raise* him to the point, without turning *over it.* [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE.——*An apartment.*

SIR ——— *asleep. A table before him, with Bottles, &c. &c.*

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT.

ı! Sir! [*jogging him*] Sir! What a pise! sure my master has drain'd the bottles, he s so sound.——Oh, no—[*pours out a glass*] ere's t'ye, old gentleman! can't think why send me to wake thee—am sure the house ays quietest when you're a snoring.—— ıks, *then awakens him.*]

il. Hey!—how!—what! Is Mr. Gradus ?

v. No, Sir——but Mr. Sandford's above , and a mortal fine gentleman.

il. Fine Gentleman!—aye—some rake, I se, that wants to sell an annuity——I wonhere Gradus is——past seven [*Looking at atch.*]

v. His friends keep the gentleman over a e, mayhap, Sir, longer than he thought for.

Doil. He over a bottle!——m*ore* over some crabbed book—or watchin moon's about, through a microscop move the things; and empty them t into one bottle, and cork it up clo hear——I wish Gradus was come—— I succeed in this one point, the devi away with the rest. Let the world go heads; grass grow upon 'Change; mount up; little Doiley is snug. D a hundred thousand in annuities, an law as wise as a chancellor, may bid wind and weather.

SCENE,—*A drawing room.*

Enter GRADUS, *led by* CHARLOTTE, *a*
by Mr. SANDFORD.

Char. Well, I protest this is an ment!——Why, what with sattins a and spangles and foils, you look as fin mist's shop by candle-light.

Grad. Madam do you approve——

Char. Oh, amazingly—I'll run Miss Doiley to admire you.

Grad. [*looking in a glass*] Oh, if could now behold me! he would ne that figure to be Jeremy Gradus.

Sand. Very true, and I give ye joy

would conceive you'd ever been within gunshot of a college.

Grad. What must I do with this?

Sand. Your *chapeau bras*—wear it thus. These hats are for the arm only.

Grad. A hat for the arm! what a subversion of ideas; Oh, Mr. Sandford—if the sumptuary laws of Lycurgus———

Sand. Damn it! will you never leave off your college cant? I tell you once more—and, by Jupiter, if you don't attend to me, I'll give you up—I say, you must forget that such fellows ever existed—that there was ever a language but English—a classic but Ovid, or a volume but his Art of Love.

Grad. I will endeavour to form myself from your instructions—but tarry with me, I entreat you—if you should leave me———

Sand. I won't leave you. Here's your mistress.—Now, Gradus, stand to your arms.

Grad. I'll do my best—but I could wish the purse-keeper was Miss Charlotte.

Enter Miss DOILEY.

Sand. Hush! Your devoted: allow me, Madam, to introduce a gentleman to you, in whose affairs I am particularly interested ———Mr. Gradus.

Miss Doil. Mr. Gradus! Is it possible?

Grad. Be not astonished, Oh lovely maiden, at my sudden change! Beauty is a talisman which works true miracles, and, without a fable, transforms mankind.

Miss Doil. Your transformation, I fear, is too sudden to be lasting——

Grad. Transformation! Resplendent Virgo! brightest constellation of the starry zone! I am but now *created.* Your charms, like the Promethean fire, have warm'd the clod to life, and rapt me to a new existence.

Miss Doil. But may I be sure you'll never take up your old rust again?

Grad. Never. Sooner shall Taurus with the Pisces join, Copernicus to Ptolemy resign the spheres, than I be what I was.

Miss Doil. I shall burst. [*Aside.*

Sand. Well, you've hit it off tolerably, for a *coup d'essai*—But prythee, Gradus, can't you talk in a style a little less fustian? You remember how those fine fellows conversed you saw at dinner; no sentences, no cramp words——all was ease and impudence.

Grad. Yes, I remember. Now the shell is burst, I shall soon be fledged.

DOILEY *entering starts back.*

Doil. Why, who the Dickens have we here!

Sand. So, there's the old genius!

Miss Doil. But I am convinced now——I am convinced now this is all put on——in your heart you are still Mr. Gradus.

Grad. Yes, madam, still Gradus; but not that stiff scholastic fool you saw this morning: No, no, I've learned that the acquisitions of which your father is so ridiculously fond, are useless lumber; that a man who knows more than his neighbours is in danger of being shut out of society; or, at best, of being invited at dinner once in a twelvemonth, to be exhibited like an antique bronze, or a porridge-pot from Herculaneum.

Doil. Zounds! 'tis he! I'm all over in a cold sweat. [*Behind.*]

Miss Doil. And don't you think learning the greatest blessing in the world?

Grad. Not I, truly, Madam——Learning! a vile *bore!*

Doil. Do I stand upon my head or my heels?

Grad. I shall leave all those fopperies to the grey-beards at college. Let 'em chop logic, or make English hashes out of stale Hebrew, till they starve, for me.

Sand. This is your resolution?

Grad. Fix'd as Ixion on his wheel. I have no study now but the *ton.*

Doil. Indeed!

Grad. You shall confess, my friend, in spite of prejudice, that 'tis possible for a man of let-

ters to become a man of the world. You shall see that he can dress, grow an adept in the science of taste, ogle at the opera, be vociferous at the playhouse, suffer himself to be pigeon'd with an easy air at Boodle's, and lose his health for the benefit of his reputation in King's Place.

Miss Doil. Bless me! one would suppose you had been familiar in the *bon ton* all your life—you have all the requisites to make a *figure* in it, by heart.

Grad. The mere force of beauty, madam—I wish'd to become worthy of you, and that wish has work'd a miracle.

Doil. A miracle with a vengeance! Jacquet Droz'wood and wire-work was nothing to it.

Miss Doil. How different from what you was morning!

Grad. Oh, mention it not——This morning—may it be blotted from Time's ledger, and never thought on more! I abhor my former self, madam, more than you can: witness now the recantation of my errors. Learning, with all its tribe of solemn fopperies, I abjure—abjure for ever.

Doil. You do?

Grad. The study of what is vulgarly called philosophy, may suit a monk: but it is as unbecoming a gentleman, as loaded dice or a brass-hilted sword.

il. Larning unbecoming a gentleman!—— well!

ad. Hebrew I leave to the Jew rabbies, k to the bench of bishops, Latin to the ıecaries, and astronomy to almanack ma-

il. Better and better.

ad. The mathematics—mixed, pure, spe- ive, and practical, with their whole circle of ces, I consign in a lump to old men who blood, and to young ones who want bread. now you've heard my whole abjuration.

DOILEY *rushing forward.*

il. Yes—and *I* have heard too—*I* have l. Oh, that I should ever have been such a as to take thee for a man of larning!

ad. Mr. Doiley! [*Confounded.*]

il. What! don't be dash'd, man; go on your abjurations, do. Yes, you'll make a in the tone?——Oh, that ever I should been such a nincompoop!

d. My dear Mr. Doiley, do not be in a How can a man of your discernment— look at Gradus——I'm sure he's a much er fellow than he was——his figure and his er are quite different things.

l. Yes, yes, I can see that—I can see that

——Why, he has turn'd lit
down—he's the lion in the ski

Grad. I must retrieve mys
The skin, Mr. Doiley, may b
assured, that the mind which
sacred energies of wisdom, th
for a moment——

Miss Doil. So, so!

Sand. [*Apart.*] Hark ye, S
By heav'n, if you play retro
you on the spot. You are ruii
tress in a moment.

Grad. Dear madam! belie
——What can I say?——Ho
self to two such opposite taste
ing here between two characte
tive between two adjectives.

Doil. You! you for to turi
roni! Why, 'twould be as natu
bin to turn parson. An elepha
a bishop with a rattle and
more posterous.

Sand. Nay, now, my dear I

Doil. Dear me no dears. V
maccaroni, I might have had c
from Hyde Park to Shadwell I
'em—genuine; and d'ye thin
phiberous thing——half and
calf at Sir Ashton's?

Sand. Oh, if that's all, an hundred to ten, Gradus will soon be as complete a character, as if he had never learnt his alpha beta; or known more of the classics than their names.

Doil. Oh, I warrant him. *Now*, what do ye think of the Scratchi, the Horsi, and the rest of 'em? aye?

Grad. Oh, a mere *bore!* a parcel of brawny untaught fellows, who knew no more of life than they did of Chinese. If they'd stood candidates for rank in a college of taste they'd have been returned *ignorantur*——Would they not, madam?

Miss Doil. Oh, certainly.——I could kiss the fellow, he has entered into my plot with such spirit. [*Exit.*

Doil. Why, you've been in wonderful haste to get rid of the igranter part——but as it happened, *that* was the only part I car'd for; so now you may carry your hogs to another market; they won't do for me.

Grad. My hogs!

Doil. Aye, your boars—your improvements—your fashionable airs—your——in short, you are not the man I took you for; so you may trot back to college again; go, mister, and teach 'em the tone, do. Lord, how they'll stare! Jeremy Gradus, or the monkey return'd from travel!

Sand. Upon my honour, you are too
Leave us, man——leave us——I'll sett
affair, I warrant. [*to* Gradus.]

Grad. Not so easily, I fear——he stick
point, like a rusty weather-cock——All
pendance is on the lady.

Sand. You'll allow Gradus to speak t
Doiley.

Doil. Oh, aye, to be sure—the more he
the less she'll like him. Here, shew M
dus the dressing-room. [*Exit* Gradus.]
her another dose; surfeit her by all mea
Why, sure, Mr. Sandford, you had no l
transmogrifying the——

Sand. Yes, faith I had. I couldn't
the idea of seeing your charming da
tied to a collection of Greek apothegn
Latin quotations; so I endeavoured to l
him.

Doil. English him! I take it shockin
you, Mr. Sandford—that I must tell yc
Here are all my hopes gone like a whiff
bacco!

Sand. Pho! my dear Mr. Doiley,
tachment of yours to scholarship is
whim——

Doil. Whim!——Well, suppose it is
have my whim. Work'd hard forty yea
sav'd above twice as many thousand p
and if so much labour and so much

won't entitle a man to whim, I don't know what the devil should.

Sand. Nor I either, I'm sure.

Doil. To tell you a bit of a secret——lack of larning has been my great detriment. If I'd been a scholar, there's no knowing what I mought have got——my plumb might have been two——my————

Sand. Why, doubtless a little classical knowledge might have been useful in driving your bargains for Russia tallow, and whale blubber.

Doil. Aye, to be sure! And I do verily believe it hindered me from being Lord Mayor—only think of that——Lord Mayor of London!

Sand. How so?

Doil. Why I tended the common council and all the parish meetings for fifteen years, without daring for to make one arangue; at last a westry was call'd about chusing of a turncock. So now, thinks I, I'll shew 'em what I'm good for. ——Our alderman was in the purples——so, thinks I, If he tips off, why not I as well as another?——So I'll make a speech about patrots, and then ax for their votes.

Sand. Very judicious!

Doil. If you'll believe me, I got up three times——Silence! says Mr. Cryer; and my tongue grew so dry with fright, that I couldn't wag it; so I was forc'd to squat down again,

'midst horse-laughs; and they nick-nam'd me Dummy, through the whole ward.

Sand. Wicked rogues! Well, I ask your pardon——I had no idea of these important reasons. Yet, how men differ! Now the family of Sir Wilford Granger are quite distress'd by the obstinate attachment to the sciences of that fine young fellow I told you of this morning.

Doil. Aye! What's he Sir Wilford Granger's son? Knew his father very well——kept a fine study of horses, and lost many thousands by it; lent him money many a time——good man——always punctual.

Sand. Aye, Sir, but this youth disappointed all his hopes. Mighty pleasant, to see a young fellow, form'd to possess life in all its points and bewitching varieties, shrink from the world, and bury himself amidst obsolete books, systems, and schisms, whilst pleasure wooes him to her soft embrace, and joys solicit him in vain! Oh, it gave his father great trouble.

Doil. Great trouble! Dear me, dear me! I always thought Sir Wilford had been a wise man——Why, *I* would have given the world for such a son.

Sand. He swallows it rarely! [*Aside.*] Oh, he piques himself on such trifles as reading the Greek and Latin authors in their own tongues,

and mastering all the quibbles of our English philosophers——

Doil. English philosophers! I wouldn't give a farthing for *them.*

Sand. Why, sure you have heard of a Bacon, a Locke, a Newton——

Doil. Newton! oh, aye——I have heard of Sir Isaac——every body has heard of Sir Isaac ——great man——Master of the Mint.

Sand. Oh, Sir! this youth has found a dozen mistakes in his theories, and proved him wrong in one or two of his calculations. In short, he is advised to give the world a system of his own, in which, for aught I know, he'll prove the earth to be concave instead of spherical, and the moon to be no bigger than a punch-bowl.

Doil. [*Aside.*] He's the man——he's the man! ——Look'e, Mr. Sandford, you've given a description of this young fellow, that's set my blood in a ferment. *Do* you——now, my dear friend, *do* you think now that you could prevail upon him to marry my daughter?

Sand. Why, I don't know—neither beauty nor gold has charms for him. Knowledge——knowledge is his mistress.

Doil. Aye! I'm sorry for that——and yet I'm glad of it too. Now, see what ye can do with him——see what ye can do with him!

Sand. Well, well, I'll try. He promis'd to call on me here this evening, in his way to the

Museum. I don't know whether he isn low now.

Doil. Below now! Ifackins, that's lucky hang *me* if it isn't! Do, go and—and spe him a bit—and bring him up—bring hi Tell him, if he'll marry Elizabeth, I'll *give* that is, I'll *leave* him every farthing I ha the world.

Sand. Well, since you are so very earnes see what I can do. [

Doil. Thank'e, thank'e! I'cod! I'll him twice as many books as a college ry, but what I'll bribe him—that I will. the dickens can Elizabeth be about with thing there, that Gradus! He a man of ing! Hang me if I don't believe his hea hollow as my cane. Shure she can't have a fancy to the smattering monkey! Ho, they are—here he comes! Why there's and Algebra in his face.

Enter SANDFORD *and* GRANGER *dressed in*

Mr. Granger, your very humble sarvant, I'm very glad to see you, Sir.

Grang. I thank you, Sir. [*Very sol*

Doil. I knew your father, Sir, as wel beggar knows his dish. Mayhap Mr. San told you that I wanted for to bring you a

daughter acquainted——I'll go and call her in.

Grang. 'Tis unnecessary.

Doil. He seems a mighty silent man. [*Apart.*

Sand. Studying—studying. Ten to one he's forming a discourse in Arabic, or revolving one of Euclid's problems.

Doil. Couldn't you set him a talking a bit? I long for to hear him talk.

Sand. Come, man! forget the old sages a moment. Can't the idea of Miss Doiley give a fillip to your imagination?

Grang. Miss Doiley, I'm inform'd, is as lovely as a woman can be. But what is woman?—Only one of Nature's agreeable blunders.

Doil. Hum! That smacks of something! [*Aside.*] Why, as to that, Mr. Granger, a woman with no potion but her whims, might be but a kind of a Jew's bargain; but when fifty thousand is popt into the scale, she must be bad indeed, if her husband does not find her a pen'worth.

Grad. With men of the world, Mr. Doiley, fifty thousand pounds might have their weight; but, in the balance of philosophy, gold is light as dephlogisticated air.

Doil. That's deep——I can make nothing of it——that must be deep. [*Aside.*] Mr. Granger! the great account I have had of your larn-

ing, and what not, has made me willing for to be a kin to you.

Grang. Mr. Sandford suggested to me your design, Sir; and as you have so nobly proposed your daughter as the prize of learning, I have an ambition to be related to you.

Doil. [*Aside.*] But I'll see a bit farther into him though, first. Now pray, Mr. Granger! pray now—a—I say [*To* Sand.] Ax him some deep question, that he may shew himself a bit.

Sand. What the devil shall I say? A deep question you would have it? Let me see!—Oh, Granger, is it your opinion that the ancient antipodes walk'd erect, or crawl'd on all four?

Grang. A thinking man always doubts—— but the best informations concur, that they were quadrupedes during two revolutions of the sun, and bipedes ever after.

Doil. Quadpedes! Bipedes! What a fine man he is! [*Aside.*

Sand. A surprising transformation!

Grang. Not more surprising than the transformation of an eruca to a chrysalis, a chrysalis to a nymph, and a nymph to a butterfly.

Doil. There again! I see it will do—I see it will do——aye, that I will——hang me if I don't. [*Aside.*

[*Exit, chuckling and laughing.*

Grang. What's he gone off for, so abruptly?

Sand. For his daughter, I hope. Give ye joy,

fellow! the nymph, the eruca, and the
s, have won the day.
g. How shall I bound my happiness?
: Sandford, that was the luckiest ques-
out the antipodes.
Yes, pretty successful. Have you been
studies?
g. Oh, I've been in the Dictionary this
ar; and have picked up cramp words
to puzzle and delight the old gentleman
ainder of his life.
Here he is, faith——
. And Elizabeth with him—I hear her
tsteps! Oh, how shall I——
(*without*) Come along, I say—what a
are you so modest for? Come in here,
n Gradus *by the arm*) Here, I've brought
ne of your own kidney—ha! ha! ha!
l lay you a gallon you can't guess what
ught him for, I've brought him——ha!
! for to pit him against you [*to* Granger]
hich of you two is the most larned——
!
g. Ten thousand devils, plagues, and

Here's a blow up!
Why, for all he looks so like a nincom-
this pye-pick'd jacket, he's got his nod-
of Greek and algebra, and them things.

Why, Gradus, don't stand aloof, a brother scholar, I tell ye.

Grad. A scholar! *all* who hav distinction are my brethren. *Ca gaudeo te videre.*

Grang. Sir—you—I———— I wish thou wert in the bottom of and the largest folio in thy libr neck.

Sand. For heaven's sake, Mr. D you mean?

Doil. Mean! why I mean for be sure, and to give Elizabeth to Touch him up, touch him up! Shew him what a fool he is.

Sand. Why, sure you won't set by the ears!

Doil. No, no; but I'm resolv'd together by the tongues. To cu short——Mr. Gradus! you are great dab at larning, and what no my daughter, and fifty thousand Granger beats ye——and he that her.

Grang. Heavens, what a stake! to inspire a dolt with the tongues

Sand. My dear friend, think cacy——

Doil. Fiddle-de-dee!—I tell y *my whim*—and so, Gradus, set

kin! you'll find it a tough business to beat Granger—he's one of your great genis men—going to write a book about Sir Isaac, and the Moon, and the Devil knows what.

[*Miss* Doil. *and* Charl. *enter at the back of the stage.*

Grad. If so, the more glorious will be my victory. Come, Sir! let us enter the lists, since it must be so, for this charming prize [*pointing to Miss* Doiley.] Chuse your weapons ——Hebrew——Greek——Latin, or English. Name your subject; we will pursue it syllogistically, or socratically, as you please.

Grang. [*aside*] Curse your syllogisms, and Socraticisms!

Doil. No, no, I'll not have no English—What a plague! every Shoe-black jabbers English—so give us a touch of Greek to set off with—Come, Gradus, you begin.

Miss Doil. Undone! undone!

Grad. If it is merely a recitation of Greek that you want, you shall be gratified. An epigram that occurs to me, will give you an idea of that sublime language.

Char. [*aside*] Oh, confound your sublime language!

Grad. Panta gelos, kai panta konis kai panta to meden
Panta gar exalagon, esti ta ginomena.

Doil. Panta tripantry! Why, that's all about

ıe Pantry. What, the old Grecians lov'd tit-
ıits, mayhap---but that's low! aye, Sandford!
Sand. Oh, cursed low! he might as well
have talk'd about a Pig-stye.
Doil. Come, Granger now for it! Elizabeth
and fifty thousand pounds!
Grang. Yes, Sir. I—I—am not much pre-
pared—I could wish—I could wish—Sandford!
[*Apart.*
Sand. Zounds! say something—any thing!
Char. [*aside.*] Eigh! it's all over. He could
as easily furnish the ways and means, as a wor
in Greek.
Doil. Hoity, toity! What at a stand! Wh
sure you can talk Greek as well as Gradus.
Grang. 'Tis a point I cannot decide—
must determine it. Now, impudence, emb
me with thy seven fold shield! Zanthus,
member, in describing such a night as this
Grad. Zanthus! you surely err. H
mentions but one being of that name, e
a river, and he was a horse.
Grang. Sir, he was an orator——and s
one that, Homer records, the Gods then
inspired him.
Grad. True, Sir—but you wont den
Doil. Come—come! I sha'n't have n
beating---nobody offer'd for to contradi
So begin [*to Granger.*] What said ora
thus?

Grang. Yon lucid orb, in æther pensile, irradiates th'expanse. Refulgent scintillations, in th'ambient void opake, emit humid splendor. Chrysalic spheroids th'horison vivify—astiferious constellations, nocturnal sporades, in refrangerated radii, illume our orb terrene.

Miss Doil. I breathe again! [*Aside.*

Doil. There! there!—Well spoke, Granger! —Now, Gradus, beat that!

Grad. I am enwrapt in astonishment! You are imposed on, Sir—instead of classical language, you have heard a rant in English——

Doil. English! Zounds! d'ye take me for a fool? D'ye think I don't know my own mother-tongue!—'Twas no more like English, than I am like Whittington's cat.

Grad. It was every syllable English.

Doil. There's impudence!——There was'nt no word of it English——If you take that for English, devil take me if I believe there was a word of Greek in all your *tri-pantrys.*

Grad. Oh! the torture of ignorance!

Doil. Ignorant!—Come, come, none of your tricks upon travellers. I know you mean all that as a skit upon my edication——but I'll have you to know, Sir, that I'll read the hardest chapter of Nehemiah with you for your ears,

Grad. I repeat that you are imposed on. Mr. Sandford, I appeal to you.

Grang. And I appeal——

Sand. Nay Gentlemen, Mr. Doiley Judge in all disputes concerning the tongue.

Doil. Aye, to be sure, I am. Wh for your peals? I peal too? and I 't I wo'n't be imposed on. Here, Eliz I have got ye a husband, at last, to m content—

Miss Doil. Him, Sir! You presented t tleman to me this morning, and I have fou a fund of merit in him——

Doil. In he! what in that beau-boo that argufies me down, I d on't know F Don't go for to provoke me—bid t Granger welcome to my house—he'll master on't.

Miss Doil. Sir, in obedience to th mands of my father——[*significantly.*]

Doil. Sha'n't say obedience—say so kind to him of yourself——He's a m my own heart.

Miss Doil. Then Sir, without reserv knowledge your choice of Mr. Grange fectly agreeable to mine.

Doil. That's my dear Bet! [*kissing*] We'll have the wedding directly. The understand that, Mr. Tri-Pantry?—— English?

Grad. Yes, so plain, that it has exsu

my understanding—I perceive I have been dup'd.

Doil. Aye, well! I had rather you should be the Dupe than me.

Grad. Well, Sir, I have no inclination to contest—if the lovely Charlotte will perform her promise.

Char. Agreed! provided that, in your character of Husband, you will be as singular and old-fashion'd as the wig you wore this morning.

Doil. What, Cousin! have you taken a fancy to the Scholar? Egad! you're a cute Girl, and mayhap may be able to make something of him; and I don't care if I throw in a few hundreds, that you mayn't repent your bargain. Well, now I've settled this affair exactly to my own mind, I am the happiest man in the world—And, d'ye hear, Gradus? I don't love for to bear malice. If you'll trot back to College, and larn the difference between Greek and English, why you may stand a chance to be Tutor—when they've made me a grandfather.

Grad. I have had enough of languages. You see I have just engaged a tutor to teach me to read the world; and if I play my part there as well as I did at Brazen-Nose, your indulgence will grant me applause.

THE END.

LOVE A LA MODE,

A

FARCE,

BY

MR. CHARLES MACKLIN.

ADAPTED FOR

Theatrical Representation:

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

AND

COVENT GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permission of the Managers.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

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1806.

Printed by T. Collins, Harvey's Building.

MR. CHARLES MACKLIN.

This veteran of the stage was born on the first of May 1690, and survived the advanced age of one hundred and seven years, two months, and ten days. To record the busy scenes of an active performer for upwards of a century is inconsistent with our plan. We can only give a sketch of his character as a Dramatist.

He was a native of Ireland, and descended from a respectable family of the name of M'Laughlin, which he anglicised to Macklin, on his becoming an actor. His first engagement in England, was at the Theatre in Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields; and he usually performed comic characters till the unfortunate accident by which he deprived Mr. Hallam of his life. In the year 1741 he established his fame by his performance of Shylock; so much to the feeling of the audi-

ence, that one of them, supposed to be M
exclaimed—

"*This is the Jew*
"*Which Shakspere drew!*"

He afterwards entered into disagreem
managers; as, however, he generally h
on his side, he often foiled the machin
his enemies. In 1751, he engaged in
profitable undertaking, by endeavouri
tablish a tavern and coffee-house, to
afterwards added a school of oratory, in
of the Greek, Roman, French, an
schools; which he denominated "Th
Inquisition." This engaged the satire of
and he was ridiculed out of such an ab
ject; though not till by his inattention
knavery of his servants, it had made hi
rupt.

Mr. Macklin then went to Irelan
recently lost his first wife, and engag
at Crow Street Theatre, on the 23d of

3. The next year he was engaged at Smock
y Theatre. But as he had greater projects
iew than were consistent with his Irish en-
ments, he enlisted himself at Drury Lane, at
ry considerable salary; and here, after much
osition, he produced Love à la Mode, and
ined success in other pieces that he afterwards
ght forward.

: is in recollection that a party at this time
isted, who made it a constant practice to
our down every dramatic performance and
r, that unfortunately did not hit their hu-
r. This hydra assumed the name of "Mr.
n," and indiscriminate vengeance was con-
ly hurled at those who happened to thwart
umour. In 1774, Mr. Macklin attempted
character of Macbeth; this offended Mr.
n, and on account of Macklin's remarking
he had been hissed, by some of the club,
ritique of his performance was changed to
onal attack. Mr. Town insisted that Mack-
hould be discharged, and the proprietors,
d of the consequence of refusal, was com-

pelled to execute Mr. Town's demand:—Upon this Macklin applied to the laws of his country, and having substantiated his losses by the violence he had received, it was determined that he should receive a reasonable compensation for two years salary at 100l. each, two benefits at 200l. each, and all his law expences.

We cannot repress Macklin's generous conduct upon this occasion:—"Let my law expences," says he, "be reimbursed; let the gentlemen take 100l. worth of tickets for my daughter's benefit; let them take another 100l. worth for my own; and when I am reinstated in my employment, let them take 100l. worth for the benefit of the Theatre;—and I shall be satisfied!"

He afterwards occasionally performed; and, during a visit to Dublin, during Mr. Daly's management, on the 27th of Nov. 1788, whilst he was performing Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant he suddenly lost his recollection, which ultimately reduced his faculties into a state of listless apathy; in this state, with lucid intervals

continued till July 11, 1797, when he quitted the earthly stage without a groan.

Constant to the line of his profession, his conception of the part he undertook was classically correct; his delivery was forcible; his pronunciation was correct and peculiarly articulate; and his emphasis was ever tasteful and proper.

As a man, he was punctilious of his honour; ever humane, generous, and charitable, he despised vengeance when it was in his power to inflict punishment. He was an affectionate husband, a tender father, a kind master, a firm friend, and an honest man.

As a writer, his merit is unquestionable. The piece before us, is pregnant with genuine humour; and in most of his dramatic performances we is always to be found "real character, discrimination of humour, modish affectation, and fashionable folly." It should be also added, that these excellencies are ever heightened by attention to moral principle and the chaste precepts of decorum.

MR. MACKLIN's Dramatic Works are
HENRY VII. or the POPISH IMPOSTOR, a Tr
first acted at Drury Lane, January 18, 1
Not printed.

WILL OR NO WILL; or A NEW CASE FO
LAWYERS, a Farce, acted at Drury Lane,
23, 1746.—Not printed.

THE SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND CRITICIZE
THE PLAGUE OF ENVY, a Farce, acted at
Lane, at the conclusion of the Season, 17
—Not printed.

THE CLUB OF FORTUNE-HUNTERS; or V
BEWITCHED, a Farce, acted at Drury La
1747.—Not printed.

LOVE A LA MODE; a Farce, acted at
Lane, in 1759, with unbounded Applaus

THE MARRIED LIBERTINE; a Comedy,
at Covent Garden Theatre, in 1761.—Not p

THE TRUE-BORN IRISHMAN; a Farce
acted at Smock Alley Theatre, Dublin, in
and afterwards at Covent Garden, in 1767,
the Title of THE IRISH FINE LADY.—Not p

THE MAN OF THE WORLD; a Comedy

ted at Crow Street Theatre, Dublin, in 1772, nder the Title of THE TRUE-BORN SCOTCHMAN, d afterwards at Covent Garden, in 1781, under present Title.

He left behind him several other performances manuscript, and some unfinished.

THE Farce of Love à la Mode was first presented by Mr. Macklin, to the managers of Drury Lane Theatre in 1759. It is needless here to remark with what narrowness of mind Mr. Garrick interested himself to ruin the reputation of this piece; for it must be confessed, that with all his shining abilities, Mr. Garrick on many occasions, possessed a degree of jealousy, bordering on injustice. There cannot be a greater proof of this, than his treatment of Douglas, Cleone, and the Orphan of China, which he insultingly and injudiciously rejected, though the productions of his otherwise intimate friends.

But, as in all other instances, Mr. Macklin's merit surmounted prejudice; Love à la Mode was performed with unbounded applause, fixed its author's reputation beyond the shafts of envy, and, as a proof of its worth, it has maintained on the stage with undiminished approbation.

The plot on duplicity, pride and mean-

Dramatis Personæ.

COVENT GARDEN

Sir Theodore Goodchild,	M
Sir Archy Macsarcasm,	M
Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan,	M
Squire Groom,	M
Mr. Mordecai,	M
Attorney,	M
Servant,	M
Miss Charlotte,	M

LOVE A LA MODE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Sir THEODORE *and* CHARLOTTE.

Charlotte.

NAY, there can be no harm in a little mirth, guardian, even those who happen to be the objects must approve the justice of it.

Sir T. But consider, Charlotte, what will the world say of me? will it not be in every mouth, that Sir Theodore Goodchild was a very imprudent man, in combining with his ward to turn her lovers into ridicule?

Charl. Not at all, sir: the world will applaud the mirth, especially when they know what kind of lovers they are; and that the sole motive of their addresses was the lady's fortune. Well, sure, since the days of giants and enchanted cas-

tles; no poor damsel has been besieged by such a group of odd mortals. Let me review my equipage of lovers! the first upon the list is a beau Jew, who, in spite of nature and education, sets up for a wit, a gentleman, and a man of taste.

Sir T. Aye, laugh at him as much as you will.

Charl. The next is a downright English—Newmarket, stable-bred gentleman jockey, who having ruined his finances by dogs, grooms, cooks, and horses, and such polite company, now thinks to retrieve his affairs by a matrimonial match with a city fortune.

Sir T. Ha, ha, ha! I find, madam, I have perused the squire with great exactness.

Charl. Pretty well, sir. To this Newmarket wight succeeds a proud, haughty, Caledonian knight; whose tongue, like the dart of death, spares neither sex nor age, it leaves none unvisited. All dread, and all feel it.

Sir T. Yes, yes, his insolence of fame and licentiousness of wit, have gain'd him the contempt and general toleration of mankind. But we must not look upon his spleen and, in nature, my dear, as a national, but a personal vice.

Charl. As such, sir, I always understand and laugh at him.—Well, of all my swains, he is the most whimsical; his passion is to run

every mortal into ridicule; even I, the object of his flame, cannot escape; for while his avarice courts my fortune, his pride despises, and sneers at my birth.

Sir T. That, Charlotte, is only to shew his wit.

Charl. True, sir.—The next in Cupid's train is your nephew, guardian, a wild Irish, Prussian, hard-headed soldier, whose military humour, and fondness for his profession, make me fancy sometimes that he was not only born in a siege, but that Bellona had been his nurse, Mars his schoolmaster, and the furies his playfellows. —Ha, ha, ha!

Sir T. Ha, ha, ha! O fye, Charlotte, how can you be so severe upon my poor nephew?

Charl. Upon my honour, Sir Theodore, I don't mean to be severe, for I like his character extremely;—ha, ha!

Sir T. Well, well, notwithstanding your mirth, madam, I assure you, he has gain'd the highest esteem in his profession.—But what can you expect, my dear, from a soldier, a mere rough-hewn soldier, who, at the age of fifteen, would leave Ireland, his friends, and every other pursuit, to go a volunteer into the Prussian service, and there he has lived seventeen years; so that I don't suppose he has six ideas out of his own profession—garrisons and camps have been the courts and academies that have formed him.

But he ever had, from a child, a kind of military madness.

Charl. O, I am in love with his warlike humour, I think it highly entertaining.

Sir T. As he has not made any direct addresses to you, Charlotte, let me inform him how improper such a step would be, and even let us leave him out of our scheme to-night.

Charl. O, sir, impossible! our day's sport, our plot, our every thing, would be imperfect without him; why, I intend him to be the leading instrument in the concert. One cannot possibly do without Sir Callaghan Brall.—Bra-Brall.—Pray, guardian, learn me to pronounce my lover's name.

Sir T. Thou art a mad creature! well, madam, I will indulge your wicked mirth. His name is Callaghan O'Brallaghan.

Charl. O shocking! Callaghan O'Brallaghan! why, it is enough to choke one; and is as difficult to be uttered as a Welch pedigree. Why, if the fates should bring us together, I shall be obliged to hire an Irish interpreter, to go about with me, to teach the people to pronounce my name;—ha, ha, ha!

Sir T. You may laugh, madam, but he is as proud of that name as any of your lovers are of their titles. I suppose they all dine here.

Charl. Certainly!—all but Squire Groom.

Sir T. O! you must not expect him; he is at

Yorks; he was to ride his great match there, yesterday. He will not be here, you may be sure. —Let me see: — what is't o'clock? —almost three.—Who's there?

Enter a SERVANT.

Order the coach to the door.

Serv. 'Tis ready, sir.

Sir T. I will but just step to Lincoln's Inn Hall, and see what they are doing in your cause; it is to be ended to-day. By the time I return, I suppose, your company will be come. A good morning to you, Charlotte.

Charl. Sir, a good morning.

[*Exit Sir* Theodore.

Morde. [*Sings Italian, without.*] Sir Theodore, your humble servant.

Sir T. [*Without.*] Mr. Mordecai, your most obedient.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. Mordecai, madam.

Charl. Shew him in. [*Exit* Servant.

Morde. [*Without.*] I see your coach is at the door. Sir Theodore, you dine with us, I hope.

Sir T. [*Without.*] Certainly. You'll find Miss Charlotte within. Your servant.

Morde. [*Without.*] Yours, Sir Theodore.

Enter Mordecai, *singing an Italian Air, and addressing* Charlotte *fantastically.*

Charl. O caro, caro, carissimo.

Morde. Voi sete molto cortese! anima mia, here let me kneel, and pay my softest adoration; and thus, and thus, in amorous transport breathe my last. [*Kisses her hand.*

Charl. Ha, ha, ha! softly, softly! you would not sure breathe your last yet, Mr. Mordecai.

Morde. Why, no, madam, I would live a little longer for your sake. [*Bowing very low.*

Charl. Ha, ha, ha! you are infinitely polite—but a truce with your gallantry—why you are as gay as the sun;—I think I never saw any thing better fancied than that suit of yours, Mr. Mordecai.

Morde. Ha, ha!—a—well enough—just my tailor fancied—ha, ha, ha! do you like it, madam?

Charl. Quite elegant! I don't know any one about town deserves the title of beau, better than Mr. Mordecai.

Morde. O dear madam, you are very polite.

Charl. I think you are called Beau Mordecai by every body.

Morde. Yes, madam, they do distinguish me by that title, but I don't think I merit the honour.

Charl. No body more: for I think you are always by far the finest man in town. But do you know that I have heard of your extraordinary court the other night, at the Opera, to Miss Sprightly.

Morde. O heavens, madam, how can you be so severe? that the woman has designs, I stedfastly believe; but as to me—oh!—

Charl. Ha, ha, ha! nay, nay, you must not deny it: for my intelligence is from very good hands.

Morde. Pray, who may that be?

Charl. Sir Archy Macsarcasm.

Morde. Oh, shocking! the common Pasquin of the town; besides, madam, you know he's my rival, and not very remarkable for veracity in his narrations.

Charl. Ha, ha, ha! I cannot say he's a religious observer of truth, but his humour always makes amends for his invention. You must allow he has humour, Mr. Mordecai.

Morde. O cuor mio! how can you think so? bating his scandal, dull, dull as an alderman, after six pounds of turtle, four bottles of port, and twelve pipes of tobacco.

Charl. Ha, ha, ha! O surfeiting! surfeiting.

Morde. The man indeed has something droll—something ridiculous in him;—his abominable Scots accent, his grotesque visage, almost buried in snuff, the roll of his eyes, and twist of his mouth, *his strange* inhuman laugh, his tremen-

dous periwig, and his manner altogether deed, has something so caricaturely visible that, ha, ha, ha! may I die, madam, if I always take him for a mountebank doctor Dutch fair.

Charl. Oh, oh! what a picture has he dr why you're as severe in your portraits Archy himself.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Sir Archy Macsarcasm is below, ma

Charl. Shew him up. [*Exit Ser*

Morde. Don't you think, madam, he horrid, foul-mouthed, uncouth fellow worse to me, madam, than assafœtida, or a low chandler's shop, in the dog days; his high dried poisons me, and his scandal is g than a hackney news-writer's: madam, he much despised by his own countrymen, as b rest of the world. The better sort of Sco never keep him company, but that is entire ere long.

Sir H. [*Speaks without.*] Randol, bel ney be here with the chariot at eight o exactly.

Enter Sir ARCHY MACSARCASM, *runs up embrace him.*

Sir A. Ha, ha, ha! my cheeld of circumc

a wag of thy loof, hoo dun ye do, my
Girgishire?

rde. Always at your service, Sir Archy.
He stinks worse than a Scotch snuff-shop.
[*Aside.*

A. Weel, Mordecai, I see yee are as deeli-
in the service o' yeer mistress, as in the ser-
f yeer leuking glass, for yeer face and yeer
hts are always turned upon the one or the

rde. And I see your wit, Sir Archy, like
yer's tongue, will ever retain its usual po-
and good nature.

arl. [*Coming forward.*] Ha, ha, ha! civil
itty on both sides. Sir Archy, your most
ent. [*Courtesies.*

A. Ten thousand pardons, madam, I did
serve yee; I hope I see yeer ladyship weel
yee look like a deeyenity.
[*Bowing awkwardly and low.*

ark. Sir Archy, this is immensely gallant.

A. Weel, madam, I see my friend Mor-
here is determined to bear away the prize
s all! Ha, ha, ha! he is trick'd out in aw
oulours of the rainbow.

arl. Mr. Mordecai is always well dress'd,
rchy.

A. Upon honour he is as fine as a jay.
aboot, man, turn aboot, let us view yeer
;—step along, and let us see yeer shapes

—he has a bonny march wi' him: vary weel, vary eligant.—Ha, ha, ha! guid traith, I think I never saw a tooth-drawer better dressed in all my life. [*Viewing and admiring his dress.*

Charl. Ha, ha, ha!

Morde. You are very polite, sir.

Charl. But, Sir Archy, what is become of my Irish lover, your friend, Sir Callaghan? I hope he dines here.

Sir A. Ah, ah! guid faith, wool he! I have brought him along wi' me.

Charl. What! is he in the house?

Sir A. Ay, in this very mansion, madam; for ye mun ken, that like the monarchs of awld, I never travel noo without my fool.

Charl. Then, pray, Sir Archy, exhibit your fool.

Morde. Let's have a slice of him.

Sir A. Jauntly, jauntly, not so fast! he is not in reeght order yet.

Charl. How do you mean, Sir Archy?

Sir A. Madam, as we came heether, I counsell'd him to wreete a loove epestle till ye, by way of introduction till his courtship! he is now aboot it below stairs, and in ten meenutes yee mun leuk to see an amoroos bellet, sick as has nai been penn'd sin the days of Don Quixote. Ha, ha, ha!

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha,

Charl. O charming! I shall be impatient till I see his passion upon paper.

ir A. Guid faith, madam, he has done that
ady; for he has composed a jargon, that he
s a sonnet, upon his bewitching Charlotte, as
tarms you. Mordecai, yee have heard him
; it.

lorde. I beg your pardon, Sir Archy, I have
rd him roar it. Madam, we had him last night
he tavern, and made him give it to us in all
h howl, that might be heard from hence to
st Chester.

ir A. Ha, ha, ha! why ye have a devilish
l of wit Mordecai.

harl. Ha, ha, ha! I must hear this song.

lorde. Madam, your servant;—I will leave
Archy to entertain you for a few minutes.

harl. You are not going, Mr. Mordecai.

lorde. Madam, I am only going down stairs,
ee if Sir Callaghan is disengaged; and if he be,
ave a laugh at him before dinner, by way of
het—that's all, madam, only by way of a
t. [*Going*

ir A. But, harkie, Mordecai, not a seelable
he letter.

lorde. O, never fear me, Sir Archy, I am as
et as a spy. [*Exit.*

ir A. What a fantastical baboon this Beare
makes of himself. The fellow is the mockery
he whole nation.

harl. Why, to say the truth, he is enter-
ing, Sir Archy.

Sir A. O yes, he is rediculous, very useful in society,—for wherever there must be laughter. But, now, cef yee please, a word or twa of oor ain ye see I do na paster yee with flames, and and seeghings, and lamentations, and fre protestations, like yeer silly loovers in mance; for yee ken, I awways spe thoughts wi' a blunt integrity:—ma loove you, and guin I deed not, I woul to say it.

Charl. O, Sir Archy, all the world you sincerity, which is the most valuable a friend or a lover can possess.

Sir A. Vary true, madam, therefore not help giving yee aboot ye, who caw sélves yeer lovers.—Squire Groom, do is a man of honour, and my vary guid but he is a baggar, a baggar, and, touch Mordecai, the fellow is wealthy, 'tis tru yes, he is wealthy, but he is a reptile, reptile! and, as to the Irishman, Sir Ca O'Brallaghan, the fallow is weel eno laugh at, but I wou'd na' yee leuk ab there, for yee ken that yeer guardian uncle, and, to my certain knowledge, a deseeign upon yeer fortune in that depend upon it.

Charl. Very possible, Sir Archy, ver ble; for a woman's fortune, I believe, principal object of every lover's wish.

Sir A. Madam, yeer observation is very, orpx, in truth, as to Mordecai, Sir Callaghan, Groom, and sic like fellows; but men of ur! men of honour, madam, have other iples. I assure yee, lady, the tenure of affection is nai for yeer pecuniar, but for nental graces of yeer soul, and the devene ctions of yeer body, which are indeed to Peru and Mexico.

Mrs. O. Sir Archy, you overwhelm me.

Sir A. Madam, I speak upon the verity of honour; beside, madam, guin ye marry ye wool marry a man of sobreeity and nomy: 'tis true, I am not in the high day pod, yet, as the poet sings, fan fra the vale ears; not like your young flashy whupsters, go off like a squib or a cracker, on a reng night, in a noise and a stanch, and are heard of after.

Mrs. O. You are certainly right, Sir Archy, young fellows of fashion are mere trifles.

Sir A. They are baubles, madam, absolute les and prodigals, therefore yee should prelerate the maiter weel, before yee mak yeer ion. Consider, madam, there is nai scant ealth or honour in our fameely. Lady, we in the hoose of Macsarcasm, twa Barons, Vicounts, six Earls, yane Marquisate, and Dukes—besides Baronets and Lairds out of eckoning.

Charl. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir A. What gars yee laugh, madam?

Charl. I beg your pardon, sir; but—ha, ha, ha! I am laughing to—ha, ha, ha! to think what a—ha, ha! a number of noble relations I shall have.

Sir A. Faith wool ye, madam, and other guess fameelies than ye hai in this part of the world.—Odzwunds, madam, there is as much deeference betweext our Nobeelity of the North, and yours o' th' South, as there is betwixt a haund of blood and a mungrel.

Charl. Ha, ha, ha! Pray how do you make out that, Sir Archy!

Sir A. Why, madam, in Scotland, aw our Nobeelity are sprung frai monarchs, warriors, heroes, and glorious achievements; now, here i' th' South, ye are aw sprung frai sugar hogsheads, rum puncheons, wool packs, hop sacks, iron bars, and tar jackets;—in short, ye are a composition of Jews, Turks, and Refugees, and aw the commercial vagrants of the land and sea—a sort of amphibious breed ye are.

Charl. Ha, ha, ha! we are a strange mixture indeed, nothing like so pure and noble as yours in the North.

Sir A. O naithing like it, madam, naithing like it—we are of anaither kadney. Now, madam, as yee yoursel are nai weel propagated, if yee hai the misfortune to be a cheeld o' commerce,

yee should endeavour to mack yeer espousals intul yean of oor auncient noble fameelies of the North; for yee mun ken, madam, that sic an alliance wull purify yeer blood, and gi yee a rouk and consequence in the world, that aw yeer palf, were it as muckle as the bank of Edenburgh, could not purchase for you

Charl. Very true, Sir Archy, very true; upon my word, your advice is friendly and impartial, and I will think of it.

Enter MORDECAI.

Morde. Here he is! he is coming, madam! he is but just giving some orders to his servant about his baggage and post-horses.

Charl. I hope he is not going away.

Morde. Troth is he, madam; he is impatient to be with the army in Germany.

Sir CALLAGHAN *and Servant within.*

Sir C. Is Sir Archy Macsarcasm and the lady this way, do you say, young man?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Sir C. Then I'll trouble you with no further ceremony.

Enter Sir CALLAGHAN.

Sir C. Madam, I am your most devoted and most obedient humble servant, and am proud to have the honour of kissing your fair hand this morning. [*Salutes her.*

Charl. Sir Callaghan, your humble servant. I am sorry to hear we are likely to lose you. I was in hopes the campaign had been quite over in Germany for this winter.

Sir C. Yes, madam, it was quite over, but it begun again: a true genius never loves to quit the field till he has left himself nothing to do; for then, you know, madam, he can keep it with more safety.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir A. Vary true, sir, vary true. But, Sir Callaghan, just as yee enter'd the apartment, the lady was urging she shou'd like it mightily, guin yee wou'd favour her wi' a sleeght narrative of the late transactions and battles in Germany.

Charl. If Sir Callaghan would be so obliging.

Sir C. O dear, madam, don't ax me.

Charl. Sir, I beg pardon; I would not press any thing that I thought might be disagreeable to you.

Sir C. O, dear madam, it is not for that; but it rebutes a man of honour to be talking to ladies of battles, and sieges, and skrimages—it looks like gasconading and making the fanfaron;

Besides, madam, I give you my honour, there is no such thing in nature as making a true description of a battle.

Charl. How so, sir?

Sir C. Why, madam, there is so much doing every where, there is no knowing what is done any where; for every man has his own part to look after, which is as much as he can do, without minding what other people are about. Then, madam, there is such drumming and trumpeting, firing and smoking, fighting and rattling every where—and such an uproar of courage and slaughter in every man's mind—and such a delightful confusion altogether, that you can no more give an account of it than you can of the stars in the sky.

Sir A. As I shall answer it, I think it a very descriptive account that he gives of a battle.

Charl. Admirable! and very entertaining.

Morde. O delightful!

Sir A. Mordecai, ask him some questions—to him—to him, mun—hal a leetle fun wi' him—smoke him, smoke him, rally him, mun, rally him. [*Whispering.*

Morde. I'll do it, I'll do it—yes, I will smoke the Captain.—Well, and pray, Sir Callaghan, how many might you kill in a battle?

Sir C. Sir!

Morde. I say, sir, how many might you have kill'd in any one battle?

Sir C. Kill.—Um!—Why, I generally kill more in a battle than a coward would choose to look upon, or than an impartinent fellow would be able to eat.—Ha!—Are you answer'd, Mr. Mordecai?

Morde. Yes, yes, sir, I am answer'd.—He is a devilish droll fellow—vastly queer.

Sir A. Yes, he is vary queer.—But you see how very sharp upon him—Come, at him again, and him again—have another nit at him.

Morde. Yes, I will have another cut at him.

Sir A. Do, do.—He will bring himself into a damn'd scrape presently.

Morde. [*Going to Sir Callaghan and sneering at him.*] He, he, he! but hark'e, Sir Callaghan—he, he, he!—give me leave to tell you now, I was a general—

Sir C. You a general! faith then, you make a very pretty general! [*Turns Mordecai about.*] Pray, madam, look at this general. Ha, ha, ha! By, a soldier's death, in the battle, is a monument of fame—but by a coward's—Gimini! Ha, ha, ha!

Sir A. O my dear Mr. Mordecai, be advised and don't prate about generals; it is a very hard trade to learn, and requires being in the field to and many a great many frosty nights and hot scorching days—to be able to call and drink, and laugh and rejoice, with danger on one side of you, and death on the other—and a hundred things beside, that you know no more of than

do of being a high priest of a synagogue; so hold your tongue about generals, Mr. Mordecai, and go and mind your lottery tickets, and your cent per cent, in Change-alley.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir A. Ha, ha, ha! he hath tickled up the Israelite—he has given it the Moabite on both sides of his lugs.

Charl. But, Sir Callaghan, sure you must have been in imminent danger in the variety of actions you have gone through.

Sir C. Ho! to be sure, madam, who would be a soldier without danger? Danger, madam, is a soldier's greatest glory, and death his best reward.

Morda. Ha, ha, ha! that is an excellent bull! death a reward! Pray, Sir Callaghan, no offence I hope, how do you make death being a reward?

Sir C. How! Why don't you know that?

Morda. Not I, upon honour.

Sir C. Why, a soldier's death, in the field of battle, is a monument of fame, that makes him as much alive, as Cæsar, or Alexander, or any dead hero of them all.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Charl. Very well explain'd, Sir Callaghan.

Sir A. Excellently well, very logically, and like a true hero.

Sir C. Why, madam, when the history of the English campaigns in America comes to be writ-

ten, there is your own brave young gener died the other day in the field of battle Quebec, will be alive to the end of the w

Charl. You are right, Sir Callaghan, tues, and those of his fellow soldiers, in tion—aye, and of those that plann'd it be remember'd by their country, while Bri British gratitude has a being.

Sir A. Oh! the Highlanders did guid in that action—they cut them, and slash'd and whapt them aboot, and play'd the va vil wi' 'em, sir. There is nae sic thing as ing a Highlander's Andrew Ferara; the slaughie off a fellow's head at one dash, a was they that did the business at Quebec.

Sir C. I dare say they were not idle, f are tight fellows. Give me your hand, Sir, I assure you your countrymen are good —aye, and so are ours too.

Charl. Well, Sir Callaghan, I assure am charmed with your heroism, and obliged to you for your account. Co Mordecai, we will go down to Sir Theod I think I heard his coach stop.

Morde. Madam, I attend you with pl will you honour me with the tip of you ship's wedding finger? Sir Callaghan, y vant; yours, yours, look here, here.

[*Exit, leading* Ch

Sir C. I find he is a very impertine *comb*, this same Beau Mordecai.

A. Yes, sir, he is a damned impudent

C. I assure you, I had a great mind to be the quirive with him, for his jokes and his eries, but that the lady was by.

A. Yes, he is a cursed impudent fellow— se he is suffered to speak tull a man of fa-, at Bath and Tunbridge, and other public s, the rascal always obtrudes himself upon But, Sir Callaghan, hai yee wreeten the to the lady?

C. I have not.

A. Hoo happened that, mon?

C. Why, upon reflecting, I found it would e consisting with the decorums of a man of ur to write to a lady in the way of matrimo- dvances, before I had first made my affec- known to her guardian, who is, you know, ncle; so I have indited the letter to him, d of the lady, which is the same thing you

A. Ha, ha! exactly, exactly, for so yee it wreete aboot it, yee ken, it maiters not to 1.

C. Ay, that is what I thought myself; so it is. [*Takes out a letter, reads.*] To Sir dore Goodchild—

A. Ay, let's have it—I warrant 'tis a y epistle.

C. [*Reads.*]

'Sir,

'As I have the honour to bear the ch
of a soldier, and to call Sir Theodore
'child uncle, I do not think it would be
'shisting vid a man of honour to behave I
'scoundrel.'—

Sir A. That is an excellent remark, Sir
laghan, an excellent remark, and vary new.

Sir C. Yes, I think it is a good rem
[*Reads.*] 'Therefore I thought proper, b
'I proceeded any farther, (for I have done
'thing as yet) to break my mind to you, b
'I engage the affections of the young lady
You see, Sir Archy, I intend to carry the
like a soldier, A la Militaire, as we say abr
for I make my approaches regularly to the br
work, before I attempt the covered way.

Sir A. Axcellent! that's axcellent.

Sir C. Yes, I think it will do. [*Reads.*
'as you are a gentleman, and one that
'my family, by my fader's side, which
'shensible is as ould as any in the thre
'doms, and oulder too—So I thought i
'be foolish to stand shilli shalli any lon
'come to the point at once.' You
Archy, I give him a rub; but by way
about my family, because why, do ye
Theodore is my uncle, only by my mo
which is a little upstart family, that c
one Strongbow but t'other day—lord,

seven hundred years ago; whereas my fa-
y my fader's side, are all the true old Mi-
and related to the O'Flahertys, and
knesses, and the Mac Laughlins, the
naghans, O'Callaghans, O'Geogaghans,
the tick blood of the nation—and I my-
ou know, am an O'Brallaghan, which is
ldest of them all.

A. Ha, ha, ha! ay, ay! I believe you are auncient family, Sir Callaghan, but you t in one point.

C. What is that, Sir Archy?

A. Where yee said yee were as auncient as mily i' the three kingdoms.

C. Faith, den, I said nothing but truth.

A. Hut, hut, hut away, mon, hut awaw, no say that; what the de'el, consider our es i' th' North; why yee of Ireland, sir, t a colony frai us, an oot cast! a mere oot nd as such yee remain tull this hoor.

C. I beg your pardon, Sir Archy, that is otch account, which, you know, never truth, because it is always partial;—but sh history, which must be the best, because written by an Irish poet of my own family, hemus Thurlough Shaunaghan O'Brallaand he says, in his chapter of genealogy, ie Scots are all Irishmen's bastards.

A. Hoo, sir! baistards! do yee make us tomate, illegeetemate, sir?

Sir C. Faith I do—for the youngest bro
of our family, one Mac Fergus O'Brall
was the very man that went from Carrick Ferg
and peopled all Scotland with his own hands;
that, my dear Sir Archy, you must be bas
course, you know.

Sir A. Hark'e, Sir Callaghan, though yeer
norance and vanety would make conquerors a
ravishers of yeer auncestors, and harlots and Sa
bines of our maithers—yat, yee shall prove, sir,
that their issue are aw the cheeldren of honour
yee mentioned about ignorance and vanity?

Sir A. Sir, I denoonce yee both ignorant a
vain, and make yeer most of it.

Sir C. Faith, sir, I can make nothing of
for they are words I don't understand, beca
they are what no gentleman is used to:
therefore, you must unsay them.

Sir A. Hoo, sir! eat my words? a N
Briton eat his words?

Sir C. Indeed you must, and this instan
them.

Sir A. Yee shall first eat a piece of this
pon. [I

Sir C. Poo, poo, Sir Archy, put up, pu
this is no proper place for such work; co
drawing a sword is a very serious piece
ness, and ought always to be done in priva
may be prevented here; but if you are fo

of that fun, come your ways to the right spot, my dear.

Sir A. No equeevocation, sir, donna yee think yee ha' gotten Beau Mordecai to cope with. Defend yeersel, for by the sacred honour of Saint Andrew, yee shall be responsible for macking us illegeetemate, sir, illegeetemate.

Sir C. Then, by the sacred crook of Saint Patrick, you are a very foolish man to quarrel about such a trifle. But since you have a mind for a tilt, have at you, my dear, for the honour of the sod. Oho! my jewel! never fear us, you are as welcome as the flowers in May.

[*They fight.*

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Charl. O! bless me, gentlemen! What are you doing? What is all this about?

Sir C. Madam, it is about Sir Archy's great grandmother.

Charl. His great grandmother!

Sir C. Yes, madam, he is angry that I said my ancestor, Fergus O'Brallaghan, was a gallant of theirs.

Charl. Grandmother! pray, Sir Archy, what is the meaning of all this?

Sir A. Madam, he has cast an affront upon a whole nation.

Sir C. I am sure if I did, it was more than I

intended; I only argued out of the histo
Ireland, to prove the antiquity of the O'
laghans.

Sir A. Weel, sir, since yee say yee did
tend the affront, I am satisfied.

[*Puts up his s*

Sir C. Not I, upon my honour;—the
two things I am always afraid of; the on
being affronted myself, and the other of affro
any man.

Sir A. Vary weel, sir, vary weel.

Charl. That is a prudent and a very gen
maxim, Sir Callaghan. Sir Archy, pray
beg that this business may end here: I desir
will embrace, and be the friends you were
this mistake happened.

Sir A. Madam, yeer commands are abso

Charl. Sir Callaghan—

Sir C. Madam, with all my heart and so
assure you, Sir Archy, I had not the least
tion of affronting, or quarrelling with you.

[*Offers to em*

Sir A. [*Starting from him with conte*
Vary weel, sir, vary weel.

Sir C. Oh! the curse of Cromwell upo
proud Scotch stomach.

Charl. Well, gentlemen, I am glad to se
are come to a right understanding—I ho
all over.

Sir A. I am satisfied, madam; there is a

on't. But now, Sir Callaghan, let me tell yee ass a friend, yee should never enter intul a dispute aboot leeterature, history, or the anteequity of fameelies, frai yee ha' gotten sick a wecked, aukard, cursed jargon upon your tongue, that yee are never inteelegeble in yeer language.

Sir C. Ha, ha, ha! I beg your pardon, Sir Archy, it is you that have got such a cursed twist of a fat Scotch brogue about the middle of your own tongue, that you can't understand good English when I spake it to you.

Sir A. Ha, ha, ha! weel, that is droll enough, upon honour—yee are as guid ass a farce or a comedy; but yee are oot again, Sir Callaghan, it is yee that hai the brogue, and not me; for aw the world kens I speak the Sooth Country so weel, that wherever I gang, I am awways taken for an Englishman: but we wool make judgment by the lady, which of us twa has the brogue.

Sir C. O, with all my heart. Pray, madam, have I the brogue?

Charl. Ha, ha, ha! not in the least, Sir Callaghan, not in the least.

Sir C. I am sure I could never perceive it.

Charl. Pray, Sir Archy, drop this contention, or we may chance to have another quarrel—you both speak most elegant English; neither of you have the brogue; neither. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. The ladies are come, madam, and Sir Theodore desires to speak with you.

Charl. I will wait on him. [*Exit* Serv.] Gentlemen, your servant—you will come to us?

[*Exit.*

Sir A. Instantly, madam. Weel, Sir Callaghan, donna let us drop the deseegn of the letter, notwithstanding what has happened.

Sir C. Are we friends, Sir Archy?

Sir A. Pooh! upon honour am I; it was aw a mistake.

Sir C. Then give me your hand; I assure you, Sir Archy, I always love a man when I quarrel with him, after I am friends.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Dinner is served, gentlemen.

Sir A. Come along then, Sir Callaghan—I wil bring yee and the lady together after deener, and then we shall see hoo yee will make yeer advance in love.

Sir C. O never fear me, Sir Archy—I wil not stay to make a regular siege of it, but wil take her at once with a coup de main, or di upon the spot; for as the old song says, Si Archy——

[*Sings to an Irish tune*

You never did hear of an Irishman's fear,
In love, or in battle, in love, or in battle;
We are always on duty, and ready for beauty,
Tho' cannons do rattle, tho' cannons do rattle:
By day and by night, we love and we fight;
We're honour's defender, we're honour's defender;
The foe and the fair we always take care
To make them surrender, to make them surrender.
[Exeunt.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Continues. *Enter Sir* ARCHY *and* CHARLOTTE.

Sir A. Adzwuns, madam, step intul us for a moment, yee wul crack yoursel wi' laughter; we hai gotten anaither feul come to deevert us unexpectedly, which I think is the highest finished feul the age has produced.

Charl. Whom do you mean, Sir Archy?

Sir A. Squire Groom, madam; but such a figure, the finest yee ever beheld: his leetle half beuts, black cap, jockey dress, and aw his pon-

tificabilus, just as he rid the match yester Yorke. Anteequity, in aw its records of and Roman folly, never produced a se veeseting his mistress, in so compleat a garb.

Charl. Ha, ha, ha! ridiculous! I tho had done wondering at the mirror of folly he is one of those geniuses that never without surprising the world with som stroke.

Enter MORDECAI.

Morde. O madam! ha, ha, ha! I am e —such a scene betwixt your two lovers, Groom, and Sir Callaghan:—They have lenged each other.

Charl. O heavens, I hope not.

Sir A. Ha, ha, ha! that's guid, that's I thought it would come to action; ha, h that's clever—now we shall hai one of penk'd; ha, ha, ha!

Charl. How can you laugh, Sir Archy, a shocking circumstance?

Morde. Don't be frightened, madam, ha! don't be frightened! neither of the be killed, take my word for it—unless it claret, for that's their weapon.

Charl. O Mr. Mordecai, how could you one so?

Sir A. O I am sorry for that—guid faith, I was in hopes they had a mind to shew their prowess before their meestrees, and that we should hai a leetle Irish, or Newmarket blood spilt;—but what was the cause of challenge, Mordecai?

Morde. Their passion for this lady, sir. Squire Groom challenged Sir Callaghan to drink your ladyship's health in a pint bumper—which the knight gallantly accepted in an instant, and returned the challenge in a quart—which was as gallantly received and swallowed by the squire, ha, ha, ha! and out-braved by a fresh daring of three pints: upon which I thought proper to decamp; not thinking it altogether safe to be near the champions, lest I should be deluged by a cascade of claret.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Charl. O, monstrous! they will kill themselves.

Morde. Never fear, madam.

Groom. [*Within, hallooing.*] Come along, Sir Callaghan Brallaghan, haux, haux! hark forward, my honies.

Morde. Here your champion comes, madam.

Enter Squire GROOM, *drunk.*

Groom. Madam, I beg a million of pardons for not being with you at dinner—it was not my

fault, upon my honour—for I sat up on purpose to set out betimes; but, o'clock, last night, at York, as w damn'd jolly, that fool, Sir Roger Bu rowed my watch to set his by it:—th look at it, madam, it corrects the su stop by it, at Newmarket:—And so, I was telling you, the drunken bloc mine back two hours, on purpose to —otherwise I would have held fift should have been here to a second.

Charl. O, sir, there needs no ap how came you to travel in that ex dress?

Groom. A bett, a bett, madam— match in this very dress, yesterday: Buck, Sir Roger Bumper, and som them, layed me an hundred each tha not ride to London and visit you in it ha, ha! don't you think I have tou madam? ha! I have taken them al hav'n't I, madam?

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Charl. You have, indeed, sir; time do you allow yourself to come to London?

Groom. Ha! time! Why, bar a n or an arm, sixteen hours, seven m thirty-three seconds—sometimes thr seconds under, that is, to the Stone's my own house.

Sir A. No, no, not tull yeer own hoose, that ld be too much.

Groom. No, no, only to the Stone's end; but , I have my own hacks, steel to the bottom, blood—stickers and lappers every inch, my r—that will come thro' if they have but one out of the four. I never keep any thing, dam, that is not bottom—game, game to the t; ay, ay, you will find every thing that beings to me game, madam.

Sir A. Ha, ha, ha! weel seed, squore—yes, es, he is game, game to the bottom.—There, walk aboot, and let us see yeer shapes.—Ha! what a fine feegure; why, yee are so fine a feegure, and hai so guid a understanding for it, it is a peety yee should ever do any thing aw yeer life, but ride horse-races.—Do na yee think he is a cursed ideot, Mordecai?

[*Whispering* Mordecai.

Morde. Um! he is well enough for a squire—ha, ha!

Groom. Madam, I am come to pay my respects to you, according to promise. Well, which of us is to be the happy man? you know I love you—may I never win a match, if I don't.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Charl. O, sir, I am convinced of your passion —I see it in your eyes.

Sir A. Weel, but squire, you hai gi us na acoount how the match went.

Charl. Pray, what was the match, sir?

Groom. Our Contribution, madam. There are seven of us:—Jack Buck—Lord Brainless—Bob Rattle—(you know Bob, madam, Bob's a damn'd honest fellow)—Sir Harry Idle—Dick Riot—Sir Roger Bumper—and myself. We put in five hundred a piece, all to ride ourselves, and all to carry my weight.—The odds at starting were six and seven to four against me, the field round; and the field, ten, fifteen, and twenty to one—for you must know, madam, the thing I was to have rid was let down—do you mind?—was let down, madam, in his exercise.

Sir A. That was unlucky.

Groom. O, damn'd unlucky! however, we started off score, by Jupiter; and for the first half mile, madam, you might have cover'd us with your under petticoat. But your friend Bob, madam—ha, ha! I shall never forget it; poor Bob went out of the course, and ran over two attornies, an exciseman, and a little bean Jew, Mordecai's friend, madam, that you used to laugh at so immoderately at Bath—a little, fine, dirty thing, with a chocolate colour'd phiz, just like Mordecai's.—The people were in hopes he had kill'd the lawyers, but were damnably disappointed, when they found he had only broke a leg of one, and the back of the other.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir A. And hoo did it end, squire? Who won the subscription?

Groom. It lay between Dick Riot and me. We were neck and neck, madam, for three miles, as hard as we could lay leg to ground—made running every inch;—but, at the first loose, I felt for him, found I had the foot—knew my bottom—pull'd up—pretended to dig and cut—all fudge, all fudge, my dear; gave the signal to pond, to lay it on thick—had the whip hand all the way—lay with my nose in his flank, under the wind—thus, snug, snug, my dear, quite in hand; while Riot was digging and lapping, right and left—but it would not do, my dear, against foot, bottom, and head; so within a hundred yards of the distance post, poor Dick knock'd up, as stiff as a turnpike, and left me to canter in by myself, and to touch them all round; for I took all the odds, split me—Ha! Wasn't I right?—Ha! took the odds. Ay, ay, took all the odds, my dear.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir A. Weel, it is wonderful to think to what a pitch of axcellence oor nobeelity are arrived at in the art of sporting;—I believe we axcel aw the nobeelity in Europe in that science, especially in jockeyship.

Groom. Sir Archy, I'll tell you what I will do—I will start a horse, fight a main, hunt a pack of hounds, ride a match, or a fox chace, drive a set of horses, or hold a toast, with any nobleman in Europe, for a thousand each—and I say done first, damn me.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir A. Why, I know ye wull, and I will gang yeer holves. Why, madam, the squire is the keenest sportsman in aw Europe: Madam, there is naithing comes amiss tull him; he will fish, or fowl, or hunt—he hunts every thing; eveery thing, frai the flee i' the blonket to the elephant in the forest.—He is at aw—a perfect Nimrod; are ye not, squere?

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Groom. Yes, damn me, I am a Nimrod, madam; at all, at all—any thing, any thing.—Why, I ran a snail with his grace, the other day, for five hundred—nothing in it—won it hollow, above half a horn's length.

Sir A. By above half a horn's length, that was hollow indeed, squire.

Groom. O, develish hollow.

Sir A. But where is Sir Callaghan aw this time?

Groom. O! he's with Sir Theodore, who is joking him about his drinking bumpers with me, and his passion for you, madam.

Sir A. Ye mun ken, gentlemen, this lady and I hai laid a scheme to hai a leetle sport with Sir Callaghan—now, if yee wool stoop behind that screen, and promise to be silent, I'll gang and fetch him, and yee shall hear him make love as fierce as any hero in a tragedy.

Groom. Sir Archy, I'll be as silent as a hound at fault.

Sir A. Then do yee retire, madam, and come in tull him, as if ye came on purpose—I'll fetch him in an instant.

Charl. I shall be ready, Sir Archy. [*Exit.*

Sir A. Get yee behind, get yee behind, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Groom. Ay, ay, we'll squat, never fear, Sir Archy—an Irishman make love! I should be glad to hear what an Irishman can say when he makes love. What do you think he'll say, little Shadrach? Do you think he'll make love in Irish?

Morde. Something very like it, I dare say, squire. Let us retire, here they come.

[*Both retire.*

Enter Sir ARCHY *and Sir* CALLAGHAN.

Sir A. Speak bawldly, man; ye ken the old proberb, 'Faint heart ——'

Sir. C. That is true——'never won fair lady.'—Yes, I think now I have got a bumper or two, I may tell her my passion, and bring the point to an ecclaircissement.

Sir A. Ay, that's reeght, mon! steek to that, she wull be wi' yee in a twankling.—Yeer servant, I wish yee guid success. [*Exit.*

Sir C. Sir Archy, your servant! Well, now what am I to do in this business?—I know it is a great scandal for a soldier to be in love in time of

war—I strive to keep her out of my mind, but can't; the more I strive to do it, the more she comes in. I am upon the forlorn hope here, so must e'en make my push with vigour at once.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Charl. Sir Callaghan, your servant.

Sir C. Madam, I humbly beg your pardon, for not seeing of you sooner; but I was spaking a soliloquy to myself, about your ladyship, and that kept me from observing you.

Charl. Sir Theodore told me you wanted to speak to me upon some particular business.

Sir C. Why, look you, madam, for my part, I was never born or bred in a school of compliments, where they learn fine bows, and fine speeches; but in an academy, where heads, and legs, and arms, and bullets, dance country dances without the owner's leave; just as the fortune of war directs. Therefore, madam, all that I can say to you, is, that your eyes have made me a prisoner of war, that Cupid has made a garrison of my heart, and kept me to develish hard duty; and if you don't relieve me, I shall be a dead man before I come to action.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir A. He begins vary weel; he has got intul the heat of the battle already. [*Aside.*

Charl. But, Sir Callaghan, among all your

symptoms of love, you have forgot to mention one that I am told is very elegant, and very powerful.

Sir C. Pray, what is that, madam?

Charl. A song that I hear you have made, and set yourself in the true Irish taste.

Sir C. Madam, I own I have been guilty of torturing the Muses in the shape of a song, and I hope you will pardon my putting your ladyship's name to it.

Charl. Upon one condition I will, which is, that you will do me the favour to let me hear you sing it.

Sir C. O dear madam, don't ax me; it is a foolish song, a mere bagatelle.

Charl. Nay, I must insist upon hearing it, as you expect or value the smiles, or fear the frowns, of your mistress; for by your poetry I shall judge of your passion.

Sir C. Then, madam, you shall have it, if it were ten times worse—hem, hem!—fal, lal, la! ha! I don't know how I shall come about the right side of my voice.

Sir A. Ay, ay, noo for it, noo yee shall hear sick a song as has nai been penn'd sin the time they first clepp'd the wings and tails of the wild Irish.

Sir C. Now, madam, I tell you before hand, you must not expect such fine singing from me, as you hear at the Opera; for, you know, we

Irishmen are not cut out for it, like the Italians.

Let other men sing of their goddesses bright,
That darken the day and enlighten the night;
I sing of a woman—but such flesh and blood,
A touch of her finger would do your heart good.
With my fal, lal, lal, &c.

Ten times in each day to my charmer I come,
To tell her my passion, but can't, I'm struck dumb;
For Cupid he seizes my heart by surprize,
And my tongue falls asleep at the sight of her eyes.

Her little dog Pompey's my rival, I see;
She kisses, and hugs him, but frowns upon me:
Then pr'ythee, dear Charlotte, abuse not your charms,
Instead of a lap-dog, take me to your arms.

Sir A. Come, now the song is over, let us steal off. [*Aside.*

Groom. He is a damn'd droll fellow!—Instead of a lap-dog, take me to your arms. [*Aside.*

Sir A. Hush! softly, donna let him see us;

ff, steal off—he is an excellent droll fellow; elish comical cheeld.

Exeunt Sir Archy, Groom, *and* Mordecai.

rl. Well, Sir Callaghan, your poetry is ex-; nothing can surpass it but your singing.

C. Look'e, madam, to come to the point: v I can't talk fine courtship, and love, nsense, like other men, for I don't speak ıy tongue, but my heart; so that if you ce up your quarters for life with a man of r, a sincere lover, and an honest Prussian , now is your time, I am your man: what ı say, madam? Come, speak the word , and take me to your arms.

rl. Ha, ha, ha! don't be so violent, Sir han—but say a lady were inclined to do the honour of going before a priest with suppose you would have so much com-ce for your mistress, as to quit your trade , and live at home with her, were she to t it of you.

C. Why, look you, madam, I will deal ou like a man of honour in that point too, you into a secret. I have received the y master's money (and a brave king he is, e you) for above seventeen years, when I ne of my own; and now I am come to a d fortune, and that he has need of my ser-think it would look like a poltroon to ıim;—no, madam, it is a rule with me

never to desert my king, or my friend in distress.

Charl. Your sentiment is great, I confess: I like your principles; they are noble, and most heroic, but a little too military for me—ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Sir C. What! does she decline the battle? Well, then, I'll not quit the field yet, tho'; I'll reconnoitre her once more, and if I can't bring her to action, why then I'll break up the camp at once, ride post to Germany to-morrow morning, and so take my leave in a passion, without saying a word. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir ARCHY *and* MORDECAI.

Morde. Pr'ythee, what is the meaning of all this, Sir Archy? the house seems to be in the possession of bailiffs, and Sir Theodore looks and speaks as if an earthquake had just happened.

Sir A. Yeer conjecture is vary reeght, Mr. Mordecai, 'tis aw over wi' him—he is undone—a baggar, and so is the girl.

Morde. You astonish me.

Sir A. It is an unexpacted business; but 'tis a fact, I assure yee; here he is himsel, poor *deevil*, hoo dismal he leuks.

Enter Sir THEODORE *and an* ATTORNEY.

Sir T. You are the attorney concerned for he creditors, Mr. Atkins?

Attor. I am, Sir Theodore, and am extremely orry for the accident.

Sir T. I am obliged to you, sir, you do but our duty: the young lady is that way, sir; if ou will step to her, I'll follow you. [*Exit* ttor.] I hope you will excuse me, Sir Archy— his is a sudden and unhappy affair; I am unfit or company; I must go, and open it myself to oor Charlotte. [*Exit.*

Morde. But pray, Sir Archy, what has occaioned all this?

Sir A. Faith, Mordecai, I do no ken the articulars—but it seems—by the word of Sir 'heodore himsel, that he and a rich merchant in Holland, his partner, and joint guardian over his girl, are baith bankrupts, and, as the lawer that is withoot there confirms, have fail'd for above a hundred thoosand poonds mair than they can answer.

Morde. But how is this to affect the young lady?

Sir A. Why, sir, the greatest part of her fortune was in trade, it seems, with Sir Theodore and his partner; besides, the suit in Chancery, that she had wi' the company, for above forty

thoosand poonds, has been determined again her this very day, so that they aw undon Baggars! baggars!

Morde. I understood that the affair was clear in her favour.

Sir A. O, sir, yee do na ken the law—t law is a sort of hocuspocus science, that smil in yeer face, while it picks yeer pocket: a the glorious uncertainty of it is of mair use to t professors than the justice of it—Here the pa ties come, and seemingly in great affliction.

Enter Sir THEODORE, *and* CHARLOTTE.

Charl. Dear sir, be patient, moderate yo sorrow; it may not be so terrible as your appr hensions make it; pray, bear up.

Sir T. For myself I care not. But that y should be involved in my ruin, left fortunele your fair expectation of a noble alliance blaste your dignity and affluence fallen to scorn and p nury———

Charl. It cannot prove so bad, sir; I w not despair, nor shall you,—for tho' the la has been so hard against me, yet, in spite of i its wiles and treachery, a competency will st remain, which shall be devoted to mitigate yo misfortunes. Besides, Sir Archy Macsarcasm a man of honour, and on his promise and a sistance I will rely.

ir A. Wool ye! ye may as weel rely upon assistance of the Philosopher's stone;—what leevil, would she marry me to make me tin- up the fortunes broken ceetezens. But I speak till them, and end the affair at once. a concerned to see you in this disorder, Sir odore.

harl. O, Sir Archy, if all the vows of friend-, honour, and eternal love, which you have often made me, were not composed of idle ith, and deceitful ceremony, now let their h be seen.

ir A. Madam, I am sorry to be the messen- of ill teedings, but aw our connection is at nd; oor hoose hai heard of my addresses till ; and I hai had letters frai the dukes, the quis, and aw the dignitaries of the fameely, onstrating, nay expressly proheebeting my taminating the blood of Macsarcasm wi' any g sprung frai a hogshead, or a counting hoose. sure yee my passion for yee is meeghty strong, am, but I cannot bring disgrace upon an ho- rable family.

harl. No more—your apology is baser than r perfidy: there is no truth, no virtue in .

ir A. Guid truth, nor in woman neither has nai fortune. But here is Mordecai— r, madam—a wandering Israelite, a casualty mere casualty, sprung frai annuities, bulls,

bubbles, bears, and lottery tickets, and can hai nai faimily objactions;—he is passionately fond of yee; and till this offspring of accident and mammon I resign my interest in ye.

Mordc. Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you; —but—a—matrimony is a subject I have never thoroughly considered, and I must take some time to deliberate, before I determine upon that inextricable business. Besides, madam, I assure you, my affairs are not in a matrimonial situation.

Carl. No apology, sir. Begone—I despise them and you.

Enter Squire GROOM.

Groom. Haux! haux! What's the matter here? What is all this? What, are we all at fault? Is this true, Sir Theodore?—I hear that you and the filly have both run on the wrong side of the post.

Sir T. It is too true; but, I hope, sir, that will make no alteration in your affection.

Groom. Hark ye, Sir Theodore, I always make my match according to the weight my thing can carry. When I offered to take her into my stable, she was sound, and in good case —but I hear her wind is touched; if so, I would not back her for a shilling. I'll take her into my stud if you please.—She has a good fore hand,

sets both her ends well, has good paces, a good deal of fashion, some blood, and will do well enough to breed out of—but she cannot carry weight sufficient to come through.—Matrimony, Sir Theodore, is a cursed long course, devilish heavy, and sharp turnings;—it won't do—can't come through, my dear, can't come through.

Sir A. I think, squire, you judge vary neecely. Noo, in my thoughts, the best thing the lady can do is to snap the Irishman.

Morde. Well observ'd Sir Archy.

Groom. Macsarcasm has an excellent nose and and hits off a fault as well as any hound I ever follow'd.

Sir A. It woold be a deevelish lucky match for her.—The fellow has a guid fortune, is a great blockhead, and looves her vehemently; three as guid qualities for a matrimonial bubble, as a lady in her circumstances woold wish. Snap him, snap him, madam.

Morde. Hush! he's here.

Enter Sir CALLAGHAN.

Sir A. Ha! my guid freend, Sir Callaghan, I kiss yeer hond; I hai been speaking till the lady in your beholf, wi' aw the eloquence I hai; she is enamoor'd o' yeer person, and yee are just come i' the nick to receive her heart and her hond.

Sir C. By the honour of a soldier, madam, I shall think that a greater happiness than any that fortune can bestow upon me.

Sir A. Come, come, madam, true love is impatient, and despises ceremony; gi' him yeer hond at once.

Charl. No, sir, I scorn to deceive a man who offers me his heart: tho' my fortune is ruin'd, my mind is untainted; even poverty shall not pervert it to principles of baseness.

Sir C. Fortune ruin'd! Pray, Sir Theodore, what does the importance of all this language mean?

Sir T. The sad meaning is, Sir Callaghan, that, in the circuit of fortune's wheel, the lady's station is revers'd; she, who some hours since was on the highest round, is now degraded to the lowest: this, sir, has turned the passion these gentlemen professed for her into scorn and ridicule; and I suppose will cool the fervency of yours.

Sir C. Sir Theodore, I assure you, I am heartily glad of her distress.

Sir T. Sir!

Sir C. When she was computed to have a hundred thousand pounds, I lov'd her 'tis true, but it was with fear and trembling, like a man that loves to be a soldier, yet is afraid of a gun; because I look'd upon myself as an unequal match to her: but now she is poor, and that is

is in my power to serve her, I find something warm about my heart here, that tells me, I love her better than when she was rich, and makes me beg she will take my life this instant, and all I have into her service.

Sir T. Generous indeed, Sir Callaghan.

Sir C. Madam, my fortune is not much, but it is enough to maintain a couple of honest hearts, and have something to spare for the necessities of a friend; which is all we want, and all that fortune is good for.

Sir T. Here, take her, sir; she is yours; and, what you first thought her, mistress of a noble fortune.

Groom. What!

Morde. How's this! [*Aside.*

Sir A. Gently! hush! saftly! he is ainly taking him in—he is taking him in—the bubble's bit.

Sir T. And had she millions, your principles deserve her;—she has a heart, loving and generous as your own, which your manly virtue has subdued, and temper'd to your warmest wishes.

Sir C. Pray, Sir Theodore, what does all this mean? Are you in jest, or in earnest? By my honour, I don't know how to believe one word you say. First she has a fortune, then she has no fortune—and then she has a great fortune again! this is just what the little jacksnapes about town call humbugging a man.

Sir T. Sir I am serious.

Sir C. And pray, what are you, madam? Are you in serious too, or in joke?

Charl. Such as I am, sir, if you dare venture upon me for life, I am yours.

Sir C. By the integrity of my honour, madam, I will venture upon you not only for life, but for death too? which is a great deal longer than life, you know.

Sir T. I hope, nephew, you will excuse the deceit of my feign'd bankruptcy, and the pretendend ruin of the lady's fortune; it was a scheme devis'd to detect the illiberal, selfish views of prodigals, who never address the fair but as the mercenary lure attracts—a scheme to try and reward your passion, which hath shown itself proof against the time's infection.

Sir C. Faith then, it was no bad piece of generalship in you. But now she has surrendered herself prisoner of war, I think I have a right to lay her under contribution—for your kisses are lawful plunder, and mine by the laws of love.

Charl. O, Sir Callaghan, you take away my breath.

Sir C. O you are a clever little creature. Upon my honour, her breath is as sweet as the sound of a trumpet.

Groom. Why, the knowing ones are all taken in here—double distanc'd; zounds! she has run a crimp upon us.

de. She has jilted us confoundedly.

A. By the cross of St. Andrew I'll be re-
l; for I ken a lad of an honourable fa-
that understands the auntient classicks
their perfaction, he is writing a comedy,
e shall insinuate baith their characters in-

de. And I will write a satire upon her,
ich she shall have an intrigue with a life
man, and an opera singer.

om. I can't write; but I tell you what
, I'll poison her parrot, and cut off her
el's tail, damn me.

C. Hark ye, gentlemen, I hope you will
lave for all this—if you touch a hair of the
's head, or a hair of any thing that be-
to this lady; or, if you write any of your
usical comedies, or lampoons, I shall be
naking bold to make few remarks on your
;—hah! I have an excellant pen by my
that is a very good critic, and that can
a very legible hand upon impertinent au-

A. Hut away, hut away, Sir Callaghan,
talk in that idle mainer, sir—oor swords
sharp and as responsible as the swords of
men. But this is nai time for sic maiters;
ü got the lady, and we hai got the wul-
—I am sorry for the little Girgishite here,
se he hais bespoke his nuptial chariot, and

aw his leeveries;—and upon honour, I am verry sorry for my vary guid friend the squeere—the lady's fortune would have been very convenient till him, for, I fancy, he is fetlock deep in the turf;—and upon honour, I am sorry for the lady, for she has miss'd being match'd intill the house of Macsarcasm—which is the greatest loss of aw.

Sir C. The whole business together is something like the catastrophe of a stage play; where knaves and fools are disappointed, and honest men rewarded. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.